

THE Pagan Prince:

Or a Comical History

OF THE

Heroick Atchievements

OF THE

Palatine of *Eboracum*.

By the Author of the Secret History of King *Charles* II. and K. *James* II.

Amsterdam. 1690.

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TO THE

French King.

BEhold, Great Sir, a Champion of your own moulding; and tho' not altogether of the growth, yet the perfect Manufacture of France. For in your Court he had his Education, and learnt his first Rudiments of War, under one of your greatest Generals, who God rest his Soul, was curs'd in his Mothers belly, as being kill'd with a Cannon Bullet, upon the Dry Land. 'Tis true, that once upon a time, you felt to your sorrow, the puissance of this dreadful Champions Arm; but that Brush being over, and all things reconcil'd, he has ever since most Cordially and Strenuously fought all along for your Interest and Exaltation. He abandon'd the Religion of his Fathers, and Embrac'd the Idolatry of his Mothers to make you Great, and run through Fire and Water to serve your turns: and I humbly submit it to your incomparable Judgment whether those two Elements, as your Champion managed them, did not contribute

tribute very much to the Advancement of your Great Deſigns. Theſe things you conſider'd, and told him that your Intereſt and his were ſo clearly link'd together, that they who oppos'd the one ſhould be look't upon as Enemies to the other. Vouchſafe then Great Sir, kindly to entertain him, returning to your Country laden with Renown and the Spoils of your Enemies; and if not in conſideration of his Immortal Exploites, yet for the ſake of his and your moſt beloved Meſſalina, *beſtow upon him one Corner of the Vaſt Paſty of your Conqueſts, for him to reſt his Limbs grown Old and Enfeebl'd with the Toyls and Hardſhips of thoſe many Combats which he has undertaken in your Quarrel. Such a Grateful Generoſity will oblige both us and all your Votaries to pray, that your Succeſſes for the future may be all like his, and that you may proſper in all your enterprizes as hitherto he has done.*

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CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Of his Education in his Younger Years.

THE Palatine of *Eboracum* and *Albania*, was brought up at *Lutetia* in *Aſtopia*, where he had a Tutor provided him by his Mother, who in his younger Years, that is to ſay, from Three to Five, taught him to Drink, Eat, and Sleep; to Eat, Sleep and Drink, and to Sleep, Drink and Eat. After that, he taught him to catch Flies and run after Butterflies; to Piſs upon his Shoes, to ſh—— in his Shirt, and wipe his Noſe upon his Sleeve, to waſh his hands in his Porridge, to ſit between two ſtools till his Breech came to the ground, to colour ill Dealings with bad Pretences, to eat dry Bread for want of other Victuals, to hide himſelf in the water from the Rain, to toil to little purpoſe, to anſwer quite from the Matter, to ſtrike a Dog before a Lion: to put the Cart before the Horſe, to ſcratch where it never itch'd, to eat his Whitebread firſt, to triſle away time, to flatter himſelf with fond Imaginations, to reckon without his Hoſt, to beat the Buſh and loſe the Birds, to believe the Moon was

made of green Cheese, to take Bladders for Lanthorns, to hope to catch Larks when the Sky fell, and to make a Vertue of Necessity.

With these Instructions, the young Palatine grew up into such hopes, that his Mother was ravish'd with Admiration to behold the extraordinary Wit and Apprehension of her young Son. Quo she, I find in this Son of mine, a Genius aspiring to Divinity it self, so sharp, so subtle, so profound. so clear is his Apprehension. Quo she, He told me t'other day, the prettiest Story of *Alexander* the Great, I wonder i' my heart where he had it! He told me that *Alexander* had a Horse so fierce and fiery that no body durst ride him, he had thrown three or four Riders one after the other; he had broken the Neck of one, the Legs of another, and beat out the brains and all the Teeth of a fourth. But *Alexander* found it out, that, the true reason why the Horse was so furious was, for that he was frighted with his own shadow: *Alexander* therefore getting upon his Back, rode him directly against the Sun, so that the shadow was always behind, and by that means in a little time so tam'd the Horse, that he became as gentle as a Lamb. Thereupon another Tutor was sought for more proper for his Years; and at last they found out an old *Sophister*, whose Name was *Tubal Holofernes*,

lofernes, who firſt taught him his Horn-Book ſo exactly, that he could ſay it by heart backward. So that his Tutor ſeeing him run ſo prodigiouſly faſt (for he had learnt both this and his Primmer in five Years and three Months) began to read to him ſeveral other Authors of greater moment; as the Book of *The Seven Champions*, Palmerin *of* England, Belianis *of* Greece, Don Quixot, *and The Legend of Captain* Jones: and in theſe Studies he ſpent thirteen Years, ſix Months, and a Fortnight juſt. But his Mother being a Lady of great Devotion in the Pagan Religion, and deſigning the young Palatine to be of the ſame Belief, Pious toward the Pagan Deities and Saints, as well as a valiant Champion for the Cauſe, order'd his Tutor to imprint in his royal Mind her own Principles in Matters of the Pagan Faith. To which purpoſe, *Holofernes* made him a diligent Hearer of *Scotus*, *Bellarmin*, *Suarez*, *Thomas Aquinas*, and the reſt of that Gang: And to render thoſe crabbed Authors the more delightful, ſometime he read to the young Palatine himſelf in private, the Spaniſh *Celeſtina*, *Aretine*'s Dialogues, the Amours of his Grandfather by the Mother's ſide, together with *Petronius Arbiter*, and *Martial*'s Epigrams, that the young Prince might be *tam Mercurio quam Marti*.

After that, this Tutor dy'd of a Clap which he got in his Old Age, and the Palatine was put under the care of *Ponocrates*; who order'd Him to rise every Morning between Eight & Nine of the Clock, whether it were day or no; then to put on his Cloaths, which he generally cover'd with a large thick frize Coat, lin'd with Fox Skins; then to Comb his Head with a *German Comb*, that is to say, his four Fingers and Thumb. For his Tutor told him, That to comb, wash, and finifie himself any otherwise, was but to waste time in this world. After that he was order'd methodically to evacuate as well by Stool as Urin, to break wind, hauk, spit, hickup, sneeze, and so to Breakfast, which was generally upon good *Westphalia* Hamms, Carbonadoes, cold Chicken or Partridges with Oyl and Vinegar, or fat Brewis to keep out the Infections of the Air. 'Tis true, *Ponocrates* told him, 'twas not wholsom for him to Eat so soon after he was up, before he had perform'd some Exercise. How so? said the Palatine; Have I not rowl'd and tumbl'd in my Bed at least six or seven times before I get up? Pope *Alexander* did so, by the Advice of the Jew his Physitian, and liv'd till he dy'd in spite of all the world.

After Breakfast, he went to Church, carrying along with him in a large Pannier, a huge Breviary,

viary, weighing Cover and Parchment, and all little leſs than Eleven hundred and ſix Pounds. There he heard about Six and twenty or thirty Maſſes. And at the ſame time came to him a Mumbler of Oriſons, with his Chin muffl'd up like the *Whooping Bird*, with whom he mutter'd over all his *Kyrie Eleyſon's*, more than ſixteen Hermits could have ſaid i'th' time.

This done, he went to Dinner upon ſome Dozens of Hamms, Neats Tongues, Herring, Saucidges, and ſuch other Vancurriers of Wine while four Men ſtood ready to throw in Muſtard into his Mouth by ſhovel fulls, to make him taſt his Liquor, which was a hideous draught of Whitewine to comfort his Kidneys.

But this was no more than a Wine Cooper could have done; and therefore *Ponocrates* reſolv'd to give his young Pupil more Princely Education. To which purpoſe, the famous *Gymnaſtes* was ſent for, and entertain'd in Pay, to teach the young Palatine to ride the great Horſe. Every morning therefore he was mounted, ſometimes upon a Barb, ſometimes upon a Genet; and a fine Sight it was to ſee him ſometimes curvetting in the Air, at another time either leaping Ditches, or taking Pales or a high Wall, that his Horſe could but juſt lay his Noſe over. At another time, I cannot ſay he was for breaking his Launce; for that's the

idleſt thing i'the world to ſay, I have broken ten Launces at a Tilting, or in a Battle; any Carpenter might ſay as much: but the honour lyes in breaking ten Launces of the Enemy with one of his own. His buſineſs therefore was with a ſtiff Iron-cheek'd Launce at one time to pierce a Coat of Armour, throw down a Tree, or upon the point of it to carry away a great Saddle, a Halbert or a Gauntlet, and this too all in compleat Armour himſelf from head to foot: and then for the *Pop* and *Smack* to encourage his Horſe, there was no man could compare with him. The Curvetter of *Ferrara* was but an Ape in compariſon of him; he would leap out of one Saddle into another without alighting: and with his Launce in his fiſt, when upon the Ground, would mount his Courſer without Bridle or Stirrups, and guide him as he liſted. He wreſtl'd, run and leap'd to admiration. He made nothing of a Ditch ten paces wide: he would run ſix paces up a ſteep Wall, and clamber up to a Window ten foot high. He would run up a Tree like a Cat, and leap from Bough to Bough like a Squirrel. And which was more, with two ſtrong ſteel Daggers, and two ſtrong Bodkins he would run up to the top of a Houſe like a Rat, and come down again without ever hurting himſelf. And by ſuch Exerciſes as theſe, he inur'd himſelf

in

in ſuch a manner to Military Labours, that he won himſelf the fame of being one of the moſt hardy and hopeful Knights in all *Aſtopia*.

Chap. 2. *Of certain remarkable Paſſages that foretold his future Grandeur.*

WHile he was thus under Tutelage, it happen'd that he went in the Summer time into the Country, partly to take the Air, and partly to learn the way of ſeeking Forreſt Adventures, after the manner of the Ancient Champions, of whom he reſolv'd to be an exact Imitator. And it is reported, that he was ſo enrag'd againſt one Forreſt for harbouring Hornets and Gadbee's to the great perſecution of his Horſes Buttocks as he rode along, that had he not been mollify'd by his Tutors, who told him he might do what he pleas'd in his own Territories, but that he had nothing to do there, he would not have left a Tree ſtanding, but would have grubb'd up the Elms and Oaks with his hands, till he had laid the Forreſt as bare as the Downs of *Sarum*. However this great and magnanimous reſolution of his to revenge his Horſes Buttocks, had ſpread it ſelf far and near; ſo that when he return'd back to *Lutetia*, Heaven's! how the people throng'd in heaps to ſee him. Some in Admiration of his growing fame, others expecting he would

have ſet all the Conduits a running Wine, to give them his welcom to Town. But as he rode along, the Multitude and Preſs of the Rabble was ſo extraordinary, that he was forc'd to ſtep from his Saddle into one of the Towers of the Temple of *Noſterdamus*. Where being at a little Eaſe, and ſeeing the vaſt Cluſters of People underneath him; I'le lay my Life, quo he, theſe Ragamuffins expect that I ſhould give 'em my welcom home: If I do, quo he, it ſhall be in Wine of my own Burning; and ſo ſaying, he let go from his *Priapus* with that frankneſs and generoſity, that he drown'd no leſs than Thirty four thouſand, four hundred and eighteen, beſides Women and Children.

They that eſcap'd the terrible ſhower, when they were got out of danger, ſweating, coughing, ſpitting, and quite out of breath all in hurly burly and confuſion, ſome fell a Swearing and Curſing like ſo many Tinkers; others could not chooſe but laugh at the Conceit: quo they, if he fights as he piſſes, it will not be the Great Turks beſt way to provoke him.

Ch. 3. *How the two Princes of* Naceleo*r, and the Duke of* Longviſage, *came to viſit the young Palatine, and of the Learned Diſcourſe that paſs'd between them.*

BY this time the Palatine was arriv'd to years of Maturity; and had ſo improv'd himſelf in all Military Exercises, that he was become the Talk and wonder of all *Aſtopia*. Certainly, ſaid the Prince of *Naceleor* to the Duke of *Longviſage*, if what is reported of this *Troynovant* Palatine be truth, he muſt be a Compoſition of all the Seven Champions together. Thereupon they both reſolv'd upon a day to give the Palatine a Viſit, as well for that they thought it not fitting that ſuch a Perſon ſhould live in the world of *Aſtopia*, and they not know him, as alſo that they might be able to teſtifie upon their own Tryal the certainty of what otherwiſe ſeem'd to be ſo ſtrange and Romantick. Thoſe two great *Aſtopian* Grandees were not ignorant how frequent it is for Flatterers to cry up in great Perſonages thoſe Things for Perfections, which in others would be look'd upon as little Acquiſitions. On the other ſide, they conſider'd that Flattery attended only upon thoſe that were able to reward; and therefore why men ſhould take ſo much pains to extol the Palatine, who

at that time had not a foot of Land in the whole Univerſe, they could not conceive. But then they reflected again, that they who applauded him to that high degree, were men of foreſight, and flatter'd him not for what he had at preſent, but believing that through his Valour, and other extraordinary Endowments, he would not only purchaſe Kingdoms, but Empires hereafter. But becauſe they would not go empty handed, in imitation of the Ethiopian Queen to *Solomon* the Wiſe, they order'd their Squires to let the Palatine know their Intention beforehand, as being unwilling to ſurprize ſo great a Prince; and to make way for their own welcom, they provided a *Regalio* or Preſent conſiſting of ſeventeen Oxen, three Heifers, two and thirty Calves, ſixty three fat Kids, fourſcore and fifteen Weathers, three hundred ſucking Pigs, eleven ſcore pair of Partridges, ſeven hundred Woodcocks, four hundred fat Capons, ſix thouſand Pullets, and as many Pigeons, ſix hundred Pheſants, fourteen hundred Leverets, three hundred and three Buſtards, and one thouſand ſeven hundred Cock-chickens: How many Haunches of Veniſon I cannot preſently reckon; beſides eighteen fat Bucks that were ſent by the *Lord the Lord knows who*. Wildfowls there were without number, as Teal, Widgins, Plovers, Godwits,

wits, Lapwings, More-hens, Herons, with several others, for which we have no names. And that there might be no want of all the choicest & rarest Wines that *Astopia* could afford, there was Provision made of no less than two thou-
sand and six Hampers, each Hamper containing twelve Dozen of Bottles. With this Present the two Squires being sent before, deliver'd their Message with a decency answerable to the Dignity of their Masters from whom they came, and the Sublimity of the Palatine, to whom they were sent. The Palatine on the other side admiring the Magnificence of the Present, receiv'd the two Squires with an extraordinary Civility and Affability, and after he had slipp'd into each of their right hands a French half Crown, assur'd them of his great acknowledgment of the signal Honour which their Masters had done him, and how glad he should be of their good Company. Presently seven thousand six hundred fifty four Cooks were set to work to prepare and dress this wonderful heap of Varieties, besides Scullions and Turn-broaches: And the Palatine took care that every thing was done with that extraordinary Method and Sobriety, as denoted the exactness of his future Oeconomy and Government: insomuch that because the Chopping Knives should not make too much noise,

the very Dreſſer-Boards were lin'd with double Bays.

And now the Day appointed being come, the two *Aſtopian* Peers appear'd with their Trains ſo numerous and magnificent, that nothing could be ſaid to equal them, unleſs the ancient Trains of the Kings of *Perſia*; or that of the *Great Mogul*, when he goes abroad to viſit his Elephants. When they enter'd into the Great Hall, they found the Palatine hearing a very difficult and perplex'd Cauſe, that had puzzl'd all the Courts and all the Great Lawyers of *Aſtopia*, ſo that the two Antagoniſts being quite tir'd with the Delays and Expences of the Law, reſolv'd to apply themſelves for his determination to the Palatine, of whoſe piercing Wit and quick Apprehenſion they had heard ſo loud a Character.

The Cauſe was a very knotty Cauſe between the Sieur *John Doe* Plaintiff, and the Sieur *Richard Roe* Defendant. By the way, I ſhould have told ye, that when the Palatine ſaw the two Princes enter, he would have deſcended from his Judgment Seat to meet them; but they cry'd out to him, No, no, Sir *Palatine*, no by no means, go on with your Buſineſs: which they were the rather willing to do, in regard they came not as Taylors to take meaſure of his Body, but of his Soul; which they

they knew could no way better be done than by obſervation of the Acuteneſs of his Wit and Judgment.

Chap. 4. *Of the Remarkable Deciſion which the Palatine made of one of the difficulteſt Cauſes in the World.*

NOw the Caſe was this. The Sieur *John Doe* Plaintiff, pleaded, that a certain old Woman belonging to his Houſe, carri'd a Basket of Eggs to Market to ſell. Now this Woman ſtept aſide between the two Tropics ſix Inches toward the *Zenith*, becauſe the *Riphæan* Mountains that year were very barren of Kickſhaws, by reaſon of a terrible Sedition between the Gibble Gabblers, and your Men of Brevity, who both argu'd for the Rebellion of the *Switzers*, who were aſſembl'd together like flies in a Sugar Cheſt to go about with their Waſſail-bowls juſt at the time of the Year, when People firſt begin to give their Cows Porridge, and their Dogs Oats. But the Phyſicians affirm'd, they found no reaſon by her Urine, but that the Woman might eat Iron Mattocks with Muſtard, unleſs it were that the great Men at Court had forbidden the French Diſeaſe to trouble the Bumpkins, as being more deſirous to entertain it themſelves. Nevertheleſs who would not

let

let go the Bird before he be troubled, and have his Ears cufft to make him diſcover it. For there is no reaſon, why *Lent* falls ſo high, but that *Eaſter* never comes, but it coſts a man money.

Here the Sieur *Richard Roe* interrupting the Sieur *John Doe*, by the Belly of St. *Anthony*, *quo* the *Palatine*, what have you to do to ſpeak before your time? I ſweat here like a Wine-Porter to underſtand your Buſineſs, and you muſt be perplexing the Cauſe — Hold your Tongue in the Devils name, and ſpeak when it comes to your turn.

Then the Sieur *John Doe* proceeding, Sir, ſaid he, when I ſaw that the Pragmatick Sanction made nothing of this matter, but that the Pope gave Liberty for every one to fart at their own Pleaſure, let them be as poor as they would, provided the Blankets were whole, and conſidering that there was a Rain-bow appear'd at *Rome* lately, to give notice to the People to hatch Larks; a kinſman of the Womans perſwaded her, ſince the Pope and Heaven were agreed, to diſcharge her *Iſchiatics*, and not to put her ſelf to the pain of hiding the perturbation of her body. Now I being willing to obey the King, arm'd my ſelf from top to toe with good Belly timber, to ſee how my Vintagers had pink'd their Steeple Crown'd Caps,

Caps, that they might the better be able to play at *In, and In*; thô it were a dangerous time, conſidering that ſeveral of the Guards were refus'd Muſtring, for wearing black patches upon their Noſes. Therefore it was like to be a good year for Tawny-beetles to the great eaſe of the Carriers of Pardons, when they have eaten till their Bellies Crack with their Breeches unbutton'd. Theſe things conſider'd without any more Niceties or ſlicing of Cucumbers, I deſire your Lordſhips opinion upon the Caſe and Allowance of my Expences, with Intereſt and Dammages.

Chap. 5. *How the Sieur* Richard Roe *pleaded his cauſe before the* Palatine *in anſwer to the Sieur* John Doe.

THen the Sieur *Richard Roe* taking his turn, My Lord and Right Worſhipful, if the Iniquity of men were but as eaſily diſcern'd by plain Authentical Judgment, as we diſcern flies in Milk, the World as to the four Oxen, would not be ſo much eaten up with Rats as it is. For thô what my Adverſary has ſaid be very true as to the Letter and Hiſtory of the *Factum*, yet the little Tricks, Deceits and Cavils of the Law are hidden under the Cloak for the Knavery.

'Tis true, I bought a Curtal of *High Germany*,

many, of a very good Wool, and dy'd in Grain, as the Goldſmiths aſſur'd me, but the Notary put in other things. I am no Clerk to take the Moon by the Horns with my Teeth, but at the Butter Pot, where the Inſtruments were ſeal'd, the report was, that ſalt Beef would make a man find out the Wine thô 'twere hid at the bottom of a Charcoal mans Sack. I have conſulted great Clerks and Lawyers about this matter, and they all conclude, that there is no ſuch way in the World as digging all the Summer long in a Cave well furniſh'd with Pen, Ink and Paper: For as ſoon as the Harneſs ſmells of Garlick, the ruſt eats away the Liver of it. *Tarabin Tarabas.* 'Tis true, that as to the four Oxen, concerning which the Diſpute is, their Memories were ſomewhat ſhort; but as to the Knowledge of their Gammut, they defi'd all the Canary Birds in the Country. For grant that upon coupling of two Grey-hounds, the Puppies ſhould grow proud before their Time, with Submiſſion to the Court, it does not thence follow that ſix Acres of Land, at full meaſure ſhall amount to three Veſſels of fine Ink, without blowing in the Baſon; that is, without paying down ready Money, and ſo I pray your Highneſſes Judgment with allowance of Coſts, Dammages, *&c.*

Chap.

Chap. 6. *How the Palatine decided this Great and Difficult Cauſe in the Twinckling of an Eye.*

THe Defendant having thus made an end, the Palatine demanded of the Sieur *John Doe*, whether he had any thing to reply? Who anſwering, *No*, the Palatine turning to the Counſellors and Doctors there aſſembled, you have heard, ſaid he, the Caſe argu'd, and now what think you of it? *Yes* quo they, an't pleaſe you Sir, we have heard it, but the Devil a bit do we underſtand it. Well ſays the Palatine, then I'le make an end of it, for I can find no ſuch difficulty in it, as you pretend. Hearken therefore to the Sentence of the Court which is this. The Court having conſidered the horrible ſhuddering of the *Flick-mouſe* in her brave retreat from the Summer Solſtice, to court the *Kickſhaws* of the Age that were got Sick of the Pip with their overnights debauchery, ſo that the good Woman was frighted from her Marketing by that ſame Hypocrite of an *Archer*, that ſtands always with his Bow bent in the ſky; and forc'd to walk with her Feet ſwell'd, one Stockin off and t'other on, therefore the Plaintiff has juſt cauſe of Complaint; and therefore in Conſcience the good Woman ought to be reimburs'd

imburs'd in Gew-gaws to the full number of the Hairs upon the Heifers back; and ſo much for the Embroiderer, that is to ſay, ſo much for that. The Plaintiff is alſo diſcharg'd from all Royal Proſecutions upon any Information for not having made all clean after exoneration, as was fairly decided by two perfumers upon a fair Tryal of his Bum-Gunſhot levell'd exactly at a Cradle of Wallnuts. Only becauſe the Plaintiff has charg'd the Defendant to be a Cobler, a Runaway, and a Clipper of Money, which after long Jangling and Wrangling the Plaintiff has not prov'd, the Court condemns him in three large pair of Drawers full of Cheeſe-curds well preſs'd together, Gingembob'd and Cod-piec'd after the faſhion of the Countrey, payable to the Defendant every *Mid-Auguſt* in *May*. On the other ſide, the Defendant ſhall be oblig'd to furniſh the Plaintiff with Hay and Tow to open the paſſage of his Guttural Trap doors, when ever they ſhall be peſter'd with any Fat Morſels that are ready to choak him: and ſo to be good Friends as before.

This decree was look't upon as a thing beyond imagination. For it never happen'd ſince the Flood, nor ever will happen in thirteen Jubiles, that two Perſons ſo long at Daggers drawing as *John Doe* and *Rich. Roe* had been,

were

were ever ſo ſatisfi'd with a decree as thoſe two Adverſaries were. As for the Counſellors and Doctors that were preſent, they were all in an Extaſie for three hours together; and ſome of 'em were in ſuch an amaze that they were forc'd to throw Roſe-water and Vinegar in their faces to fetch 'em again. And as for the two Princes they ſate ſtaring upon one another, like two ſtrange Cats in Admiration that a Perſon ſo young as the *Palatine* ſhould be able to underſtand the Laws and Cuſtoms of *Aſtopia* better than all the moſt learned Counſellors and Judges of the Land. With that the two Princes roſe up and embraced the *Palatine* with all the Tenderneſs imaginable; wiſhing him withal, according to his deſerts, the Early command of a Kingdom, which certainly they ſaid, muſt be the moſt happy in the World under the Government of ſuch a Valiant and Prudent Prince. On the other ſide the Palatine begg'd their Pardon for having made them tarry ſo long, but hop'd they would make themſelves amends by that freedom which they had made their undoubted Right and due through their unparallell'd Bounty and Magnificence.

Chap.

Chap. 7. *Of the various diſcourſes at Dinner, and how the Palatine made a particular Diſcourſe upon Valour.*

DInner being ſerv'd up, all that were to ſit down, took their places; and they that were to wait, ſtood upon their feet, as is uſual upon ſuch occaſions. Now as the company was numerous, and every one had the Liberty to uſe his Freedom, ſo it were within the Limits of Decency and Diſcretion, hence it was that the greateſt part of the Task was only Rimble ramble Diſcourſe. Among the reſt there was a good Jolly Prieſt, I have forgot what his name was, who by his Noſe ſeem'd to be much more fond of officiating at a good Feaſt, than at the Altar; and by his Habit ſeem'd to be ſome *Pagan*, *Abbot*, or Arch *Flamin* of the Pagan order of St. *Francis*, but what ever he was, his tongue ſeldom lay ſtill, and he ſet other mens tongues a going as faſt as his own. There was not a diſh of Meat that came to the Table, but he had ſomething to comment upon it. Quo he, of all the Fiſh that ſwim in Salt or Freſh water, except it be a Tench, give me the Wing of a Partridge, or the Thigh of a *Nun*, and by my conſent he ſhall never be look't upon as a good fellow that dyes with an empty Stomack.

mack. *Quo* the Prince of *Naceleor*, I know one of your Coat, that always commanded the White of a Capon. That's quite contrary to the Judgment of your Foxes, cry'd another, for they ſtill leave the white of Poultry, and yet one would think they ſhould be the beſt judges of the Brawn of a Capon. Oh, quo the *Flamin*, that's becauſe your Foxes have neither Cooks nor Kitchins. For if Poultry be not well boil'd, their fleſh will look red and not white. The redneſs of Victuals is a ſign of rawneſs: except it be in Lobſters and Crayfiſh, for thoſe the more they look like Cardinals, the better they are. And is that the reaſon, honeſt Prieſt, quo the D. of *Longviſage*, that ye rank the *Thighs* of a Nun, with the Wing of a Partridge? No, no, my Lord, but becauſe they ſay that part is the beſt which always exerciſes moſt: and therefore we prefer the Legs of Tame fowl, before the Wings of Wild foul. But to the purpoſe, Page bring me a Brimmer, — ſo --- now have at that Pheaſant, there's no Malice againſt the dead. 'Tis the beſt thing in the World for men to mind their buſineſs, when a man has buſineſs to do, let him do it, and when 'tis done, 'tis done: I know two ſtout Champions that had been drinking ten nights and ten days together, and at the end of the ten days and nights, one of the

the two would needs be gone, for I know not what worm which wrung him by the tail. Upon which the other finding that he could not ſtop him, bid him go to the Devil, telling him withal that if he had thought he had been a *Vlinſter*, he wou'd never have kept him Company. And I think he was much in the right on't: For when a man has once undertaken a buſineſs, let him go thorow ſtitch with it.

I am of your Opinion, *quo* the *Palatine* to the *Flamin* (for by this the Glaſſes had paſs'd round pretty often) when a man Fights let him Fight, and when he Drinks let him Drink, as a Sea Captain told my Grandfather of bleſſed Memory. I hate a man like poyſon that flyes, when he ſhould be laying about him and playing the Devil with two ſticks. I wiſh I were but King of *Aſtopia* for fourſcore or a hundred Years or ſuch a Matter, by the Belly of St. *Anthony*, if I would not feed my Grey-hounds with all thoſe daſtardly Cowards that fled from the Battle of *Pavia*, and left their King in the lurch, a murrain take 'em; why did they not rather die than deſert that brave Prince in his Neceſſity? For is it not far more honourable to die in the Field bravely fighting for his Life, than to live with the reproachful Character of a faint-hearted Coward? I have heard that *Don Quixote* was a man

man of ſo much mettle, that he would have fought with the Devil himſelf: immortal be his Honour: for, for my part I had rather be a Cuckold than a Coward at any time: for the one a man cannot help, the other he may. But Sir, quo the Duke of *Long-viſage*, we have a Proverb in *Aſtopia*, better be a Coward than Fool Hardy. I know, reply'd the *Palatine*, there are many good *Aſtopian* Proverbs but this is the worſt that ever I heard. For under the ſhelter of this Proverb, a man may make a thouſand pretences for his Cowardice: away with it, *Farnigoy*, away with it. I would not have a generous man have it in his thoughts, for fear it ſhould make him Chicken-hearted in the day of Battel. I will be bound, *Meſſieurs*, to be fed in a great Trunk with Chocolate and Cheeſe-cakes all the days of my Life if my Grandfather by the Mother's ſide had ever worn the Crown of *Aſtopia*, had he thought of this Proverb. And of all men in the World he is the only Hero that I propoſe to imitate. For whether he combated in the Field or in the Chamber 'twas all one to him: and were I now as deep in the Book of Fame as He, I would not care if I were ſtabb'd to morrow. For then a man would be at the end of his toil, and only have the pleaſure to look down from ſome ſtar of the firſt Magnitude (for ſuch

are

are the Celeſtial Palaces of great Princes) and ſee with delight the Trophies and Statues every where ſet up in memory of his Heroick Actions, from the Picture ſhining with Izing-glaſs and golden Leather, to the Marble Effigies and Pyramid of Braſs.

The two *Aſtopian* Princes hearing theſe words, and judging of the abounding magnanimity of the Heart out of which the mouth ſpoke, lookt upon one another, but ſaid not a word, only laid up his ſayings in their breaſts, to make their comments upon them at more leiſure. But there were others that ſate at the Table, that were ſo ſmitten with terror to behold the ſternneſs of his Delivery, and the Reſolution of his Mind, that their Hearts ſank down to their Midriffs, and they made Private vows to themſelves to provoke the anger of *Jupiter* himſelf, before they would incur the Palatines Indignation. Inſomuch that many Company-keepers aw'd the Hectors and Bullys of *Lutetia* only by naming his name, as Nurſes fright their Children with Rawhead and Bloody Bone.

Chap 8. *Of the Pleaſant diſcourſe which the Palatine and the two Princes had after Dinner.*

WHen the Table was clear'd and readorn'd with freſh Bottles, ſilver Monteiths, and Chriſtal glaſſes, and that the Healths

Healths were beginning to go round, I cannot tell for my life how it began, neither does the *Aſtopian* Hiſtory ſpeak any thing of it, and therefore moſt ſurely it muſt have come in by Head and Shoulders; for that it did come in, and that there was ſuch a diſcourſe, we find in the fifteenth Volume of *Hiſtorical and Political Reflections*, Printed at *Cologne*, in the year of Grand Revolutions. Neither was there ſo much improbability, but that there might be ſuch a diſcourſe, conſidering the Nature of the *Aſtopian* Soil, which does not only infuſe Invention and Ingenuity into the Native Inhabitants, but alſo into all Foreigners that bring any Brains along with them into the Country.

I wonder, ſaid the Palatine, now I ſee all this neatneſs, brightneſs and cleanneſs upon the Table, that the *Aſtopians* ſo curious and nice in other things, ſhould be ſo naſty in the Publick Streets. Moreover, I have obſerv'd, that ſeveral of your *Aſtopian* Ladies never Garter up their Stockins, but go with their hoſe about their heels like rough-footed Pigeons. For my part, I have ſuch a natural Affection to cleanlineſs, be it in whatever part of the Body it will, that I always took care to keep my Backſide as clean as the back of my Hand: ſo that I never went to mine Uncles, bu

I always bethought my ſelf of ſome Invention or other to perform that Office.

The Palatine was going on, and would have gone on to the end of the Chapter, but that afterwards being interrupted to Pledge a Health that was going round, by that time he had taken off his Glaſs, he had quite forgot what he was ſaying. For to ſay truth, the greateſt Imperfection which the *Palatine* had, was his want of Memory, which was the reaſon that afterwards, when he came to bear the chief ſway in *Albion*, whatever he promis'd to day, by to morrow he always forgot to perform it. However the *Aſtopian* Princes *ex pede Herculem*, obſerv'd the quickneſs of his Wit, and how eager he was in the chaſe of Knowledge, when they found him Exerciſing his Thoughts even in the moſt abject Conſiderations of Nature.

Chap. 9. *How the two* Aſtopian *Princes took their leaves of the Palatine, and the Palatine of them, and what follow'd thereupon.*

THere was never any Feaſt, how Magnificent ſoever, that laſted a whole Year together; for that there are other important buſineſſes of this Life to be follow'd as well as eating and drinking. So that after the two *Aſtopian* Princes had cram'd their Bellies, fed like

like Farmers, and drank like Tinkers, they took their leaves of the *Palatine*, telling him a hundred Stories and Flimflams of their Veneration for his Perſon, and their readineſs to ſerve his Intereſts, and aſſuring him withal that they would ſuddenly give him an opportunity to ſignalize that Courage & Herculean Proweſs which they ſaw not only budding, but full blown in his temper. They farther added, that the world was full of *Monſters* of Tyranny, *Serpents* and *Dragons* of Cruelty, *Hydra's* of Uſurpation, *Minotaurs* of Rebellion, *Nemean Lyons* of Rapine and Extortion, *Diomeds* that fed their Horſes with Man's Fleſh, and after all another Golden Fleece to be wreſted *vi & armis* out of the Poſſeſſion of the Great Mogul, whither they made no queſtion but his Arms would reach in time. So that whether he took upon him the Perſon of *Theſeus*, *Hercules*, *Perithous*, *Jaſon*, or any other of the Ancient Hero's, he would find Adventures anow to exerciſe his magnanimous Reſolutions upon, and ſpread his Fame beyond whatever was yet recorded in Story.

The Palatine on the other ſide return'd them a Cartload of thanks for their good Company. Proteſting withal, that he would omit no occaſion of ſhewing his readineſs to be ſerviceable not only to themſelves, but to the

whole Kingdom of *Aſtopia*. I confeſs, ſaid he, at preſent you ſee me as it were ſhut up in a Cage like a Fool, but by the ſtrength of this Arm and the favour of Heaven in a ſhort time I hope to be in ſuch a Condition as to expand that Royal Munificence and Gratitude which now lyes dormant and contracted within my Breaſt. I know that no Man but a Soveraign can be truly Liberal, and that Gratitude as the famous *D. Quixot* ſaid, is but a dead Vertue, like Faith without Works. And therefore it is that I could wiſh that Fortune would offer me ſome favourable Opportunity to advance myſelf to the degree of my Anceſtors of glorious Memory; I would give her for bayle the word of a Prince, that ſhe ſhould have no cauſe to repent it. You need not fear Fortune's Aſſiſtance; 'tis her own Intereſt, reply'd the Princes, winking with one eye, and ſmiling upon the half Turn, and ſo departed.

Chap. 10. *How the* Aſtopians *robb'd the* Belgian *Bakers of their Buns; and of the Cruel Wars that enſu'd between the two Kings of* Aſtopia *and* Arragonian Belgium.

IT was toward the latter end of Autumn that the *Aſtopian* Vintagers lay Night and Day in the Field to keep the Crows and other Birds from eating the Grapes. Now it happen'd,

pen'd, that ſeveral Bakers belonging to the Provinces of *Arragonian Belgium*, paſſing early upon the Road with ſeveral Loads of new Bunns, piping hot from the Oven, toward the next great City, being thereunto urg'd by the loud crys of their Stomachs, very civilly deſir'd the *Arragonian* Bakers to ſell them a parcel of their Bunns for their Money at the Market price. But the *Arragonian* Bakers not only refus'd the *Aſtopian* Vintagers their requeſt, but alſo gave them ill Language, calling them Tooth-Gapers, Sherks, Shittabeds, Slubberdegullions, Liquoriſh Whelps, Loggerheads, Lubbers, Smelfeaſts, Milkſops, Meacocks, Hoydons, Scoundrels, Lazy Rogues, and I know not what my ſelf; Language indeed not to be endur'd by any Men that had any mettle in 'em. Thereupon a notable brisk *Aſtopian*, who went by the name of *Sturdy Will*, bearing up to the Bakers, How long, quo he, have your Horns been grown that you are become ſo malapert? We ask'd you civilly, and for you to refuſe like Churls as you have, is no good Neighbourhood; nor do we uſe you ſo when you come to us to buy our good Wheat to make your Bunns. To which one *Rouncival*, a great Cudgel Player among the Bakers, inſtead of returning an Anſwer, gave him ſuch a lick with his Whip over the Shins, that he

made the Blood ſpin out of his Stockins. Which the Vintagers ſeeing, they call'd the Husbandmen that were peeling of Walnuts hard by, to their aſſiſtance, and fell upon the Bakers with ſo much fury, that they made a horrid rout among 'em, and took from 'em above fourſcore and five dozen of Bunns. Thereupon the Bakers went home, and ſhewing their broken Panniers, crackt Crowns and torn Jerkins to the Duke of *Sowreface*, the Chief Governour of all the *Arragonian* Provinces, demanded Satisfaction. Which being deny'd by the Vintagers of *Aſtopia*, a bloody War began between the two Kings of *Aſtopia* and *Arragonia*, which will never be ended till the end of the World.

Chap. 11. *How the Marſhal of* Tonneure *was made Chief Commander of the* Aſtopian *Army, who choſe the Palatine of* Eboracum *to be General of his Horſe.*

THe King of *Aſtopia* was then a *Minor*, under the Tuition of the *Cardinal* or *Arch Flamin Panourgos*; who being of a teſty, furious, ireful, fuming temper, preſently took Pepper in the Noſe, and gave Commmand to the Marſhal *de Tonneure*, an old Souldier, and an experienced Captain, to raiſe the Ban and Arriere Ban, that is to ſay, the whole Power of

of *Aſtopia*, and to fall into the *Arragonian* Provinces of *Belgium*, and there to ſpoil, burn, ravage and ranſack all before him, and not to return back till he and his Men had devour'd either bak'd, roaſted, boyl'd, or how they would themſelves, All the Men, Women and Children in the Country. Immediately the Marſhal *de Tonneure* rais'd a great Army of Horſe and Foot, which he divided into Battel, Vanguard and Rearguard. In the Battel he Commanded in Perſon: the Vanguard he gave to the Duke of *Plundermoſta*. The Rearguard he committed to the care of the famous Sieur *Ferno-manes*, an Old Officer whoſe Head had been twice cut off in Battel, and twice ſow'd on again by the great Necromancer and Surgeon *Aqua Pendente*. And the Duk of *Rochecleverе* he made General of his Artillery; as being the beſt Engineer and Markſman in the World; for he would hit a Curran in a Cow-turd forty times together and never miſs, at three Miles diſtance in a miſty morning.

But all this while the Marſhal was to ſeek for a fit Perſon to Command his Horſe. He ſcratch'd his Head, eat his Nails, twitch'd his Beard, bit his Lips, but nothing would do: he could not for the blood and guts of him think of a Perſon fit to his Mind. Well, quo he, this is a Matter of great Importance, and

therefore I'le conſult with my Pillow about it. At his uſual time to Bed he went, and there he lay rowling and trowling and revolving in his Mind what he ſhould do. In the middle of the Night he ſtrook a Light, took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote down a Liſt of all the Great Men in *Aſtopia* that he could think of to be fit for the Imployment; and when he had done, he put his Finger in the Inkhorn, and blotted 'em all out agen. In the midſt of this Perplexity, having put his Candle out agen, he compos'd himſelf to reſt, and ſo fell into a ſlumber. And then it was (for great Men undertaking great Enterprizes are many times admoniſh'd in Viſions) then I ſay it was that he thought he ſaw a comly perſon mounted upon a ſtately Prancer, all in compleat Armour, and a Launce in his hand, with a fair Lady behind him, ride up to his Bed ſide. To whom the Marſhal having paid his reſpect, the Apparition made a ſhort Speech, telling him, that he was St. *Martin*, the Warlike Saint, and that the Lady behind him, was the fam'd Egyptian St. *Mary*, who had been a Combatant too in her time: that they had both beheld from Heaven the perplexity he was in for a General of his Horſe, and therefore to put him out of his trouble, they were come to recommend to him the only perſon under Heaven

Heaven fit for his Deſign, which was the Palatine of *Eboracum*, for whoſe ſake they would aſſiſt the *Aſtopians* with Victory, ſo long as the Palatine continu'd in their Service. At which the Marſhal waking, *Morbleu*, quo he, that I ſhould be ſuch a Noddy to need a Viſion from Heaven for theſe Directions! when I my ſelf have had the very Perſon they commend ſo often in my thoughts. With that he got up, and wrought ſo effectually to the *Arch Flamin* at *Lutetia*, that the Palatine of *Eboracum* was immediately ſent for, and after many Complements, acquainted with the Reſolutions of the Queen Regent to make him General of the *Aſtopian* Horſe, under the Command of the Marſhal *de Tonneure*, deſiring him withal, to put himſelf into an Equipage, and to haſten with all the ſpeed he could, to his Employment.

Chap. 12. *Of the Great Preparations which the Palatine made, and of the Diſcourſe betwixt him and an Armourer about the Contrivance of his Arms.*

THe Palatine having this great Honour thus conferr'd upon him, lik'd the Preferment well enough, conſidering his condition: but when he began to revolve in his Mind the Terrours and Dangers of War, he began with

the renowned *Don Quixot* to exclaim againſt that Stygian Invention of Gun-powder, that would conveigh a leaden Bullet of the moſt deſpicable Rakeſhame in Nature, into the Bowels of the greateſt Prince in the World; and ſo his *Majeſty*, or his *Highneſs*, or his *Grace* muſt be Kill'd, and never know who hurt him. Quo the *Palatine* to himſelf, certainly Men were never created on purpoſe to be knockt o'the head, neither was it the intention of Nature that Men ſhould fight and quarrel and kill one another. For I hear of no ſuch Commandment in Paradice, as, Deſtroy one another, but, Multiply and increaſe is the Command there, and that I ſhould like well enough. 'Tis true, the Ambition of Princes is ſuch, as that many times it ſets all the world together by the Ears; but as Princes are exalted above other Men at other times, ſo methinks in Battels, and Buſtles, and Skirmiſhes they ſhould be exalted upon Steeples or *Stands* made on purpoſe with Proſpective Glaſſes; where they might ſee the Miſchief they had caus'd, but be out of danger themſelves. For many times the loſs of the Prince is the loſs of the Battel; and what does it ſignifie for a King to be Victorious in three Battels, and be knockt o'the head in the fourth? The Proverb tells us, *'Tis good ſleeping in a whole Skin:*

Skin : 'twas an excellent Proverb, and I believe of *Solomon*'s own making : for I obſerve, that he was one that never drew a Sword, but ſlept in a whole Skin as long as he liv'd : and I have heard that my Grandfather, who was call'd *Solomon* the Second, was of his mind. For a Prince to go *Stump*, *Stump* with a wooden Leg, is no way Majeſtical ; for a Prince to have his lower or his upper Lip par'd from his Chin, and to be always ſhewing his Teeth, is a moſt unſeemly thing, tho' they were all Oriental Pearl or Poetical Ivory. But then for a Prince to have both his Legs, and the one half of his Thighs lopt, ſaw'd, hack'd, hew'd, torn and raſh'd off, and ſo the third part of a mans length laid up in Lavender before he has half done with them, I muſt needs confeſs, I do not very well approve of it.

Theſe Conſiderations made him ſhrug up his Shoulders, and he could have found in his heart to have ſent his *Pardonnez moy* to the Arch *Flamin*, under pretence that he had better conſider'd it. Not that there was any danger in the World that could ſcare him, only he was afraid leſt a little Powder and Lead ſhould put a ſtop to his courage, and prevent him from letting the World ſee the Strength of his Arms, and Reſolution of his Mind. Therefore he was thinking one while abſolutely to

decline

decline the *Moloch*-like Service to which he was invited, as having no mind to be a Martyr to *Bellona* in his young years, before he had tasted the softer pleasures of the World, *Bellona* being no Saint in his Calendar; and believing his Mother had Interest enough to procure him a Scarlet Hat; which would be a more easie way of living; besides, that if he found his Courage meliorate hereafter, his being initiated into the Ceremonies of the Pagans would be no hind'rance to him from being a great General when he had a mind to it. But this he thought would be a degrading his reputation, and totally annihilate the High Opinion which the World had already conceiv'd of his valour. Another while he was for absenting himself in a female Dress, and Spinning or Carding among the *Lutetian* Ladies; and if the worst should come to the worst, or that some cunning *Ulysses* should find him out, it would be no more than what *Achilles* the stoutest *Hero* in the World had done before him; and so be look'd upon as a Frolick, or else as a Prognostick that he would become a second *Achilles*, whose Actions he had propos'd to imitate in all things.

Ch. 13. *Of his Diſcourſe with his Page about being invulnerable.*

IN this *Quandary*, the Palatine call'd to him his Truſty Page *Epiſtemon*. *Epiſtemon*, quo he, what doſt thou think of this ſmothering, ſmoaky, brimſtony Hell upon Earth, as the World has now made it, War, whither I am now preſs'd to go? Oh Sir, reply'd *Epiſtemon*, 'tis the only way to try whether you are of Mortal race, or no. The ancient Stories tell ye, how that *Thetys* cover'd all her Children over head and ears in the fire to that purpoſe. 'Twas to very fine purpoſe indeed, quo the Palatine, for by that curioſity of hers, ſhe burnt all her Children to Aſhes, like a She-devil as ſhe was. However, quo *Epiſtemon*, her Son *Achilles* was ſav'd by being anointed all over with *Ambroſia*: 'tis true indeed they forgot to anoint one of his Lips, but which I can't tell, and that was a little ſing'd, and prov'd a mortal Diſfigurement to him as long as he liv'd. Ay but, quo the Palatine, where is that *Ambroſia* to be had? I would not forget to noint both my Lips, as well as the reſt of my Body, I warrant thee, Boy. *Morbleu*, quo *Epiſtemon*, I can't tell where that *Ambroſia* is to be got, but I can tell ye where ſomething like it is to be had. What think you, Sir, of that ſame Oyl which

the

the *Aſtopians* affirm to have been ſent down from Heaven, and have kept it for theſe eight hundred years in a large glaſs Viol in the City of *Durocortum*? Surely, Sir, it muſt be either *Ambroſia*, or ſomething like *Ambroſia*, or elſe the *Aſtopians* would never have preſerv'd it ſo long and ſo charily. You mean the Oyl with which the *Aſtopian* Kings are anointed at their Coronations. The very ſame Sir, quo *Epiſtemon*. Puh, quo the *Palatine*, that can't be the *Ambroſia* that *Achilles* was nointed with: for we find the *Aſtopian* Kings were vulnerable. *Hen.* the 3d. was ſtabb'd, and *Hen.* the 4th. my Grandfather was ſtabb'd. O Sir, quo *Epiſtemon*, that was becauſe they were not nointed all over: had the Daggers lit upon thoſe places where thoſe Kings had been nointed, my Life for yours, the Ragamuffins might as well have enter'd a piece of Steel. This is ſure, there is nothing but *Nectar* or *Ambroſia* in Heaven; and it can't be *Nectar*, for it is too greaſie to drink, and therefore it muſt be *Ambroſia*. Or if this Project does not pleaſe ye, Sir, ſaid *Epiſtemon*, what think ye of going down to *Hell*, as *Æneas* from whom you are deſcended in a direct Line, did, and plunging your ſelf over head and ears in the Waters of *Styx*, as *Thetys* did *Achilles*, all but his Leg, and that prov'd his bane; but what a man does himſelf, he's

ſure

ſure of doing to the purpoſe. But then the Palatine was afraid leſt *Cerberus* ſhould bite him by the Shins, and if the Sore ſhould Gangreen, that he ſhould never be able to get back again. Under theſe Anxieties of Mind,

Chap. 14. *Now comes his Conference with* Vulcan *the Armourer.*

FRiend, *Epiſtemon*, quo the *Palatine*, I have heard, that if a man comes into the world in his Mothers Smicket, he ſhall be the moſt fortunate man in the world. I cannot tell whether I were ſo or no. But I ſhould be loth to truſt to that. For I can tell by experience that Womens Linnen is ſeldom proof againſt ſlighter Batteries than thoſe of a Cannon Bullet. And therefore fetch me hither *Vulcan* the Armour-maker; they ſay he is a famous Fellow, and rare in his Art. For I would fain fight as ſafely as I can; that's but common Prudence; and Nature teaches every man to defend himſelf. *Epiſtemon* flew, and *Vulcan* came in a Trice: To whom the *Palatine*, Is your Name *Vulcan*, Friend? My name Sir, is *Vulcan*, and I make Suits of Arms for Gentlemen that want them; that is to ſay, I am an *Armour-Taylor* by Trade. Where do you live? quo the Palatine. Here in *Lutetia*, reply'd the *Armour-Taylor*. Then you are not that *Vulcan*

can I mean, quo the Palatine : I mean that *Vulcan* that kept Shop at *Ætna* in *Sicilie*, whoſe Journeymen were call'd *Cyclops's*, they that made *Pluto* a Helmet, and gave it him for nothing; the vertue of which was ſo rare, that where e're he put it on, he became inviſible; Can you make me ſuch a one? I will not undertake it, Sir; for that Trade, like Painting in Glaſs, is quite loſt now: that *Vulcan*, of whom you ſpoke laſt, never left his Receipt behind him. What can you do then? Can you make me ſuch a Sute of Armour as your *Nameſake* made *Achilles*, that no human force could penetrate, full Cannon proof? 'Slife Sir, how can I do that, when a Cannon Bullet will make its way through the ſides of a Firſt Rate Ship three foot thick, all maſſie Oak? Then you can do nothing: Alas Sir, theſe Cannon Bullets have quite ſpoil'd our Trade: for what ſignifies it for men to buy Suits of Armour, when they ſignifie nothing? Formerly when men ſhot nothing but Darts and Arrows, or ſharp Stakes harden'd at one end in the Fire, we could make a ſhift to deal with 'em well enough. I wiſh the Devil were to eat all the Cannon Bullets that ever were or ever will be, red hot for his Supper this very Night, and then our Trade would mend. Is there no way then to fend off theſe Cannon

Bullets?

Bullets? quo the *Palatine*: they make my heart ſhiver every time I think of 'em. No way but one, quo *Vulcan*; a good thick long Buſh of Hair for the Head, *Sampſon*'s Strength lay in in his Hair; nay, the whole Strength of the City *Megara* lay in King *Nyſus*'s purple Lock, and what's a Cannon Bullet to the whole Strength of a City? And we find that *Garagantua*, after a great Battel, comb'd out no leſs than fifty Cannon Bullets out of his Hair; which he could never have done, had not the thickneſs of his Buſh natural dampt 'em, and kept 'em from going farther. But what ſhall we do for the reſt of the Body? quo the Palatine. That muſt be done, quo the Armourer, by means of a Round Wall, about four foot thick, made of a certain Parget mix'd and temper'd with Eggs, like the Walls of *Coventria* in *Albion*, which may be ſo contriv'd, as to be girt on like a Campaign Coat. Who the Devil ſhall be able to carry it, quo the *Palatine*? Why Sir, quo the *Armourer*, there are ſeveral both here in *Lutetia*, and in other places, that can wear a Stone Doublet for a Twelvemonth or two years together, and make nothing of it. You muſt exerciſe, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, as *Milo* did by his Calf, firſt carry a little Wall, then a ſmall Wall, then a bigger Wall, till you come to be able

to

to carry the Wall of Perfection. Hang all your Walls, quo the Page, my Maſter ſhall carry no Walls: I have lit upon the true way at length. Sir, ſaid he, you have three Pagan Deities at Command, St. *Loyola*, St. *Dominick*, and St. *Francis*, there's not a ſtraw to chooſe. Ply any one of theſe, and they will as ſurely ſend you a Life Guard of four Arch Angels, as ever St. *Francis* paſs'd the *Danaw* in his Cowle. Theſe Arch Angels will guard ye, one before, another behind, and one of each ſide, and when they ſee a Cannon Bullet coming toward ye from any corner of the Wind, will catch it like a Stool Ball, and throw it to the Devil. Courage, Maſter, *allons*, in nomine *Sanctæ Mariæ*.

The *Palatine* lik'd this Project very well: However for more ſurety, he was reſolv'd that *Vulcan* ſhould make him a Sute of Armour to boot. Which the Armourer promiſed to do, of Enchanted Tiffany ſteep'd in the Blood of the *Minotaur* which *Theſeus* kill'd; of which the Armourer ſaid, he had above a Gallon left.

This tickl'd the Palatine more than any thing had been yet ſaid; ſo that he bid the Armourer go on and proſper.

Chap.

Chap. 15. *How a certain Doctor came to the Palatine and preſcrib'd him a Diet to encreaſe his Courage.*

HOw the Devil the *Palatine* came to know it, there is no author that makes mention, but it ſeems it did come to his knowledge, how that *Hercules* receiv'd the greateſt part of his Education from a Phyſitian. This brought to his mind, that Herbs and Flowers had many hidden Qualities and Operations upon the Body and Humours of Men: Some encreas'd the blood, and ſome encreas'd choler; and how that *Circe* and *Medea* made uſe of Herbs and Flowers, the Moſs of dead Mens Skulls, the Brains of Bats, and Livers of Porcupines, and ſuch like Ingredients in all their charms and enchantments: how the one boil'd her Father to a young man, and the other turn'd men into Swine: Upon theſe conſiderations, the *Palatine* ſending for ſeveral Phyſicians, ask'd them whether the nature of man might not be alter'd by Diet: and whether there were not ſome ſorts of Diet more proper for a Souldier than others. This was a Queſtion he might have put to half the Colledge of *Phyſicians*, and have been as wiſe as he was before, had it not been for one man that knew more than all the Reſt. Who hearing the Queſtion propounded ſtay'd till all the reſt of the Doctors were gone; and then

then addreſſing himſelf to the *Palatine*, Sir, ſaid He, I have heard your Queſtion, and underſtand what you mean. And therefore do but obſerve my directions, and if you be not one of the moſt valiant men in the World, never truſt me more. To which the *Palatine* conſenting, the Phyſician order'd him for his firſt courſe to feed upon nothing but the plucks or Entrails of Lyons, and the Marrow of Wolves, Bears and Tygres: and for his ſecond courſe to eat nothing but game Cocks, and the Brains of Quails and Magpies, (being a Bird particularly conſecrated to *Mars*) for a Month or ſix weeks together, & then to make him a Coat of a Tan'd Elephants Skin, lin'd through with the bags of ten Oſtridges Stomacks, and overlaid with the ſcales of a ſpit fire Dragon. For that the Oſtridges Stomacks being of a ſteely ſubſtance concocted by the natural heat of thoſe birds, acquir'd a thickneſs no leſs impenetrable, than the Dragons ſcales continually harden'd in the Sun. *Probatum eſt*, Sir, quo the Doctor. Do but uſe this method once a year, and you may defie *Jupiter* with all his Thunderbolts. By my Troth, Dr. quo the Palatine, I wiſh you had come a little ſooner, and you might have ſpar'd me the expence of a ſuit of Armour, which I have newly beſpoke. But 'tis no matter, a man can't be too cautious of himſelf.

Chap.

Chap. 16. *Of the wonderful Atchievements which the Palatine performed in his Command of General of the Horſe.*

WIthal theſe preliminary Cautions the *Palatine* thus Fed, thus Dieted and Arm'd from Head to Foot, repair'd to the *Aſtopian* Army; where he was highly careſs'd by the Marſhal *de Tonneure*, and preſently inveſted in the Command of *Lieutenant General* of the *Aſtopian* Army, and General of the Horſe. But Heavens! to repeat the wonderful Atchievements which the *Palatine* perform'd, would fill a Cartload of Paper. *Franciſco Viridico*, the Hiſtorian of thoſe times averrs them to have ſo far tranſcended humane Imagination, that he is very ſhy of relating them, for fear of being accompted *Homo Mendax*; a Character which he abominated above all things in the World. He ſays that in one battel the Palatine mow'd down with his own hands three whole Regiments at once: but withal he acknowledges that the *Palatine* had this ill fortune attending him at the ſame time, that the Men were no ſooner kill'd but they ſtarted up alive again, and put him to new trouble; ſo that after he had ſwear, and toild, and moil'd, and laid about him like another *Sampſon*, the Victory was never the nearer. Which the Mar-

Marſhal *de Tonneure* beholding, theſe are brave Acts indeed, quo he, but at this rate we ſhall never carry away the *Golden Fleece*. 'Slife, quo the *Palatine* to the *Marſhal*, what would you have me to do, Sir? I kill'd 'em thrice, and they would not die. I agree with ye, Noble Palatine quo the Marſhal; therefore let's retreat for the preſent, and kill 'em again when they are in a better humour.

Another time, ſays the ſame *Hiſtorian*, the Marſhal was to march with his Army by a great Caſtle that ſtood in the middle of a wide Lake: but finding he could not paſs by, without being cruelly gall'd by the great Guns from the Fort, he ſignifi'd his deſire to have it taken in. Which when none of his Great Commanders beſide would undertake, the *Palatine* readily undertook. To which purpoſe, he choſe out a Regiment of Dragoons, and ſhoeing all the Horſes with Cork, he rode full ſpeed up to the Caſtle Walls. But when he came there, he call'd to mind that the Souldiers had left their Skaling Ladders behind them: and ſo he was fain to gallop back again, not without ſome loſs. This was a brave attempt, you'l ſay; and if the Palatine fail'd in the enterpriſe, it was not for want of Valour, but for want of Skaling Ladders.

But the Marſhal *de Tonneure* attributed all theſe

theſe Miſcarriages to Fortune, who was always an Enemy to Vertue. However he gave the *Palatine* high Encomiums. Inſomuch that falling dangerouſly ſick toward the latter end of the Campaign, and believing he ſhould die, he ſent word to the *Flamin Panourgus*, that if he intended that the Affairs of *Aſtopia* ſhould proſper, he ſhould make choice of the Noble, Valorous and Fortunate *Palatine* of *Eboracum* to ſucceed him.

Chap. 17. *How the Palatine was Complemented out of* Aſtopia, *and of ſomething elſe beſide.*

BUt notwithſtanding all theſe great Atchievements and vaſt Pieces of Service, perform'd by the Palatine; and many more that lie conceal'd from the Knowledge of Mankind to this very day, for want of an Impartial Hiſtorian; notwithſtanding the ſignal Teſtimonials of the Grand Marſhal *de Tonneure*, the *Aſtopians* took no more notice of what he had done, than if he had done nothing at all. Some ſay, that Fame had taken a Mortal peek againſt the *Palatine*, and lay at Fortune night and day to ſtop the Progreſs of his growing renown. She alleadg'd that all the laſt Summer, ſhe had been ſo hurri'd from Poſt to Pillar to ſpread the Glory of his Heroick Actions, that ſhe was quite

quite tir'd off her Legs; and that the Pinions of her wings were ſo ſore, that ſhe was hardly able to wagg 'em: So that if any other great Captain ſhould have occaſion for her, ſhe knew not how to order her ſprats. And therefore beſought Fame to put a ſtop to the Career of the Palatines Valour for a time, till ſhe had ſtrengthen'd her wings with a Plaiſter of *Oxycroceum* and *Paracelſus* which ſhe had laid on for that purpoſe. Now in regard that *Fame* and *Fortune* piſs both in a quill, *Fortune*, to do her Minion *Fame* a kindneſs, goes to the *Flamin Panourgus*, and to leſſen the *Palatines* Reputation, tells him there was no ſuch thing as the Palatines mowing down three Regiments at a time, and that the Adventure of the *Caſtle* in the *Lake* was a meer ſtory. 'Tis a queſtion whether *Panourgus* would have believ'd it, or no, (for the News went for currant Coyn, and was printed and confirm'd by all the *Lutetian* Gazets) had it not been for an Exigent of *State* which Fortune impos'd upon the *Flamin*. For the *Aſtopians* finding that the *Arragonian Belgians* were too hard for 'em, ſent away their Embaſſadors to *Oliverero Soldan* of *Albion*, with four hundred Camels loaden with money to purchaſe his friendſhip and Aſſiſtance. The *Soldan* took their Money, but told the *Flamin* withal that unleſs he ſent away the Palatine,

and

and all that adher'd to him out of *Aſtopia*, he would keep the Money, and do nothing for it! Heavens Sir! quo the Ambaſſadours, as if ſuch a trifle as that could break any ſquares between *Panourgus* and the Soldan of *Albion*. What is the *Palatine* of *Eboracum* to us? If he have done any thing for Us, which is more than we know, the *Elamin* does not intend to run away in his Debt. *Bougre Diable*, let him go; we hope we have in *Aſtopia* five hundred as good as He. The Buſineſs being thus concluded, *Panourgus* who had his Brains well boyl'd, had a Flea preſently ready to put in his Ear, and ſent him without delay a Noſegay of Complements, to let him underſtand the reaſon of the Meſſage: the Cogency of Affairs that conſtrain'd him to it; and the unexpreſſible ſorrow of all the *Aſtopian* Court; but that the Condition of the Kingdom was ſuch, that it was not in their Power to help it; with many other *Goodly Good morrows* of the ſame nature. Of all which proceedings the *Palatine* had perfect Intelligence, and was ſo little concern'd to ſee himſelf ſo rejected and deſpis'd, that inſtead of taking it for an Affront, and ſeeking his Revenge, he afterwards lov'd the *Aſtopian* King ſo much the better for it, that he could never be drawn from Eſpouſing his Intereſt. Nothing vex'd him ſo much, as that

he must be forc'd to leave unaccompliſh'd a Love-Intreague with an *Aſtopian* Lady, to which he had been invited by a *Lutetian* Procureſs; for *Lutetia* was a City where you might as well take the Moon by the Teeth, as ſeparate *Mars* and *Venus*.

Chap. 18. *Of one of the ſtrangeſt things that ever happen'd.*

IT is a common thing, as all men know, for Ladies to fall in love with great Hero's, tho' they never ſaw them in their Lives; the great and famous Atchievements of the Valiant Palatine having the ſame operation upon their Affections, as their Majeſtick Behaviours and goodly Lineaments had upon his Eyes: For *Cupid*'s Darts do not always enter in at the Eyes, but ſometimes pierce through the Ears, as being the ſhorter cut to the heart. Who this Lady was, whether *Dutcheſs*, or *Marchioneſs*, or *Viſcounteſs*, or plain *my Lady*, without Welt or Guard, the Hiſtorian does not make mention. But by the ſequel, it appear'd that ſhe had neither ſeen nor ſpoken with the Palatine in her life; only ſhe was in love with him up to the Ears for the ſake of his ſpreading glory: and heavily tormented to hear that he was ſo ſuddenly to leave *Aſtopia*.

One day as the Palatine was ſitting alone, and

and reflecting among other things upon the Ingratitude of the *Aſtopians*, a Letter was brought him with this Superſcription:

To the moſt Paſſionately beloved by all fair Ladies, had he had wit to underſtand it.
T. T. J. S. S. E. A. A.

When the *Palatine* read this Superſcription, never was Bell-Founder in ſuch an amaze when his Metal miſcarries. He ponder'd, conſider'd, and ſtudied, but could not imagine from whence it ſhould come: He ask'd the Meſſenger who ſent it; but he knew nothing of the matter. But when he open'd the Letter, then he was in a double confuſion; for there was no more Writing to be ſeen within ſide than upon the back of his hand, only a Table Diamond, enchas'd in a plain Gold Ring. *Vertue goy*, quo the Palatine to himſelf, a viſible Ring from an inviſible Lady! Then making another pauſe; but hold—ſaid he, what if it ſhould be a preſent from *Gyges*? With that he put on the Ring, and went to the Looking-Glaſs, but finding that he could ſee himſelf, he call'd for his Secretary. *Polyſthenes*, ſaid he, here's a Ring ſent me in a Paper ſeal'd up without any Writing: and with that he ſhew'd him the Ring and the blank Letter. Sir, quo *Polyſthenes*, this Ring could never come without Words; but there are many ways to

write upon Paper, yet ſo as the Writing ſhall never be ſeen. Thereupon he held the Paper to the fire, to ſee if it were writ with *Sal Armoniac* mix'd and diſſolv'd in water. Then he dipt it in fair water, to find whether it were writ with Juice of *Tithymall*. Then he held it to the Candle, to ſee whether it were done with the Juice of white Onyons. After that, he rubb'd it over with Oyl of Walnuts, to find whether it were writ with a *Lixivium* of Fig-tree Aſhes. Then he waſh'd it over with the Milk of a Woman at that time ſuckling her firſt Child, to know whether it were writ with red Toads blood. Then he rubb'd it with the aſhes of a Swallows Neſt, to find whether it was written with the dew that falls upon your winter Cherries. But when he had try'd theſe and ſeveral other ways, and found that it was nothing but a meer dumb piece of Paper, Sir, ſaid he, by the vertue of St. *Francis*, I know not what to ſay to't. I have employ'd all my Art, and can find nothing. With that looking very narrowly upon the Ring it ſelf, they found Engrav'd within ſide, *I Bleed*. Now the Devil take the *Flamin* and the Soldan of *Albion* both together, quo the Palatine. Here's a Lady lyes a bleeding for me; and I know I have a Balſam would cure her: what ſhall I do in this caſe? who it is, I know not; go I cannot;

cannot; ſtay I muſt not. Thus agitated and perplex'd in mind, he laid himſelf down upon his Couch, and fell aſleep.

Chap. 19. *How the* Palatine *was entertain'd by the Governour of* Belgic Arragonia; *and how he vow'd to be reveng'd upon the* Aſtopians.

THe *Palatine* being thus ſent packing out of *Aſtopia* retir'd to the *Satrape* of *Belgick Arragonia*, who receiv'd him as the *Perſian* King *Artaxerxes* did *Themiſtocles*, and allow'd him the Revenue of ſeveral Provinces for the maintenance of him and his Retinue: one Province to find him Butcher's Meat, another Fowl of all ſorts; a third to furniſh him with Wine, and a fourth to ſupply him with white Bread and Grand Salads. One time as the Palatine and the *Satrape* were diſcourſing together, the *Palatine* fell into a moſt horrible rage againſt the *Aſtopians*; you would have ſworn it had been the *Conquerour* of *India* in his Cups. He gave 'em all the reproachful Names that his fury could invent; and vow'd never to waſh his hands but in *Aſtopian* Blood; and every Morning to have the Harſlet of an *Aſtopian* roaſted and ſtufft with Sage for his Breakfaſt. Which being related to the *Aſtopians*, they trembl'd for fear like the Pil-

lars of a Cathedral. And the ſame threats and Menaces of the Palatine being carry'd to the Marſhal *de Tonneure*, notwithſtanding all his former Encomiums, Oh !--- quo he, the Palatine's a young Prince; give him leave to huff and ding for his living; words break no Bones: when all's done, 'tis the Coach-wheel, not the Fly that raiſes the Duſt.

On the other ſide, the *Palatine*, to ſhew that he meant as he ſaid, ſet great Traps upon the Borders of *Aſtopia*, which he baited with *alamode Gallimawfries*; by which means he caught ſeveral of the *Aſtopians*, and then caus'd 'em to be minc'd as ſmall as Herbs to the Pot, made Marrow Puddings of the inſide of their Bones, and Pyes of the Meat mix'd with Currants and Raiſins after the manner of *Albion*. Which the *Aſtopians* obſerving, privately laid great heaps of Gunpowder under the Traps, and when the *Belgians* came early in the Morning to ſee for their Prey, ſet fire to their Trains and blew up Traps, Trap-ſetters and all. Which ſo incens'd the *Palatine*, and caus'd ſuch an overflowing of his Choler, that he fell into ſuch a violent Looſneſs through the ſharpneſs of the humour, that his *Duodenum* was become almoſt as ſlender as a Baſe Luteſtring; and he had certainly paid dear for his Traps, had not a notable Artiſt

ſtopp'd

ſtopp'd the Orifice of his Inteſtines with the end of a huge Elephants Tooth.

Chap. 20. *Of the Great War between the* Aſtopians *and the* Belgic-Arragonians; *where you may probably hear of ſomething which the Palatine did to his Eternal Memory.*

THe War was now grown very hot between the *Belgic-Arragonians*, and the *Aſtopians*, to whoſe aid the *Soldan* of *Albion* had ſent a very great Hoſt, under the Command of the *Caledonian Knight*. To be ſhort, the *Aſtopians* ſwore they would have the Strong City of *Dunquerka* from the *Arragonians*; and the *Arragonians* ſwore they ſhould not. To this purpoſe, the *Aſtopians* beleaguer'd the Place, and the *Arragonians* haſten'd to relieve it, and the Palatine had a Battalion of Horſe. And now the two Armies were got very near together. For the *Aſtopians* went to meet the Enemy, and the Enemy came to meet them: and indeed the *Arragonians* had ſuch a Confidence in the Valour and Conduct of the Palatine, that they car'd not a fig for the *Aſtopians*.

Now as the *Arragonians* lay within leſs than two Mile of the Enemies, it happen'd that the Boys in the next Village to the *Arra-*

gonian Camp, had made them a great Paper Kite, and in the dark of the Night had mounted it aloft in the Air with a Lanthorn and Candle faſtn'd to it. When the Palatine ſpy'd it, by St. *Martha*'s Petticoat, quo he, St. *George* for *England* with a Lanthorn and Candle in his hand.---the Heavens ſmile upon us, and the Victory's ours, as ſure as a Louſe in a Taylor's Boſom. Hold---quo the Palatine, I rather believe it to be ſome Soul let out of Purgatory, and going directly to Paradice; only ſtops by the way to piſs down Benedictions upon the Army. But let it be what it will, my heart's a pound lighter to ſee it.

The next Morning the ordering the Army was committed wholly to the Palatine's care: for they ſay the *Arragonians* were ſo bewitch'd as to think him the moſt experienc'd Captain in the World: and all agree, that had it not been for certain *If's* and *Buts* that oppos'd his good Fortune, he had certainly won the Victory: For juſt as he was going to Charge the Enemy, his Horſe caſt a Shoe, ſo that he was forc'd to Wheel off to the next Farrier to get his Prancer new ſhod, and his Battalion was forc'd to follow for the Guard of his Perſon, and ſo there was one opportunity loſt. However, no ſooner had he got his Horſe ſhod, but away he came powdering back, Lightning

in

in his Eyes, Thunder in his Hand, and had certainly cut in pieces two whole Squadrons of the *Albionian* Infantry, had not a Fellow more daring than all the reſt, ſtept out of his Rank, and given him ſuch a terrible flap with a Fox tail that he beat him off his Horſe. The *Arragonians* ſeeing their Leader fall, preſently recoyl'd, and the *Albionians* preſſing on, took the *Palatine* Captive. But then it was, that Sr. *Dominic* ſtood his Friend; for immediately he darted himſelf from the *Empyrean* Heaven, and chang'd the Palatine into a Conger Eel, and ſo he ſlipt out of his Enemies hands. At what time perceiving the Battel to be loſt, all he could do, was to put himſelf in the Rear, where he ſo beſtir'd his ſtumps, that he ſtopp'd the purſuit of the Victors. Tho others ſay, that he was more beholding to his Policy than Strength; for ſeeing the Battel loſt, and all his Men in a rout and flying, he order'd 'em ſtill as they fled to keep fizling and farting for their Lives; which it was the more eaſie for them to do, conſidering the fear they were in; & by that means there was ſuch a thick ſtinking Fog for ten Miles round, that the *Aſtopians* and *Albionians*, not being able to ſee Wood for Trees, let 'em go. Others will have it, that when he ſaw the Battel begin to totter, he ſent for *Adrians Wall* from the Borders of *Cale-*

donia, and clapt it between the Victors and the Vanquiſh'd, to the great diſappointment of the Purſuers. For in regard that it is by all agreed that the *Palatine* perform'd wonders at this Battel, they muſt be ſuch wonders as theſe, or none at all; for the Devil a bit can we hear of any other that he did: and to ſay he did none, would be a contradiction to Hiſtory.

Chap. 21. *How the* Palatine *was reſtor'd to his* Palatinate *in* Albion, *and how he rode Tantivy to* Papimania.

SOon after this, the Soldan of *Albion* dy'd, and the Thirty Tyrants reſum'd their former Authority, and choſe for their General the Knight of the *Golden Tulip*: but the *Albionians* being quite tyr'd with the Cruelties and Oppreſſions of the Thirty Tyrants, reſolv'd to recall and reſtore to his Right the Son of the King of *Albion*, whom the *Soldan* had put to Death, at that time an Exile in the Dominions of the *Arragonians*. We ſhall not trouble the Reader with the Ceremonies and Circumſtances of his Reſtoration, it will be enough for our purpoſe to let ye know that at the ſame time, the Palatine was alſo reſtor'd to his Palatinate of *Eboracum*, and all the Titles and Dignities thereunto belonging. And now calling to mind certain Negotiations with the *Mufti* of

of *Papimania*, the Chief City of *Pagan-land*, he bought him a flying Horſe of the ſame breed, and lineally deſcended from that upon which *Perſeus* rode over the Sea, to deliver *Andromeda*, and away he gallop'd tantivy a thouſand Miles an hour, till he came to the *Muftie*'s Palace, where he lay *incognito* four-ſcore and nineteen years, and every Morning drank ſuch large Mornings Draughts of the Brewage of the Country, and was ſo intoxicated with the ſtrength of the Liquor which was the next degree to Poiſon, that he never was in his right Senſes afterwards, but was troubled with a *Papimanie-Delirium*, which brought him at length to one of the moſt deſperate Convulſions that ever were known. Returning from *Papimanie*, he call'd upon the King of *Aſtopia*, ſtill *incognito* as before, with whom he made a League of perpetual Friendſhip, like thoſe of *Theſeus* and *Pirythous*, vowing never to forſake one another, tho' it were to go down to the Regions of King *Pluto* together. There he alſo took a ſolemn Oath upon the Sacred Altar of the Pagan Deity call'd *Omnium Sanctorum*, like *Hannibal* againſt the *Romans*, to Extirpate all the Chriſtians from the face of the Earth; and particularly to deſtroy the *Belgians*, to annihilate the Grand Senate of *Albion*, and to reduce the whole King-

dom

dom under the Tyrannical Government of *Astopia*. This done, he return'd back into *Albion*, where he liv'd under-ground for some years in a Palace belonging to the Grand Duke of *Hades*, till the *Mufti* sent two Messengers for him, *Sea-Fight* and *Slaughter*, and fetch'd him out by the Head and Ears.

Chap. 22. *Of the great Herring War between the* Belgians *and the* Albionians, *and how the Palatine was made* Archithalassus *of* Albion.

THo' the *Palatine* liv'd under-ground, as we said before, yet he did not live idle; for thither resorted privately to him all the *State Moles*, *Incendiaries*, *Boutefeu's*, Under-miners of Government, Spies, Eevedroppers, Cajoulers of Princes, all Emissaries belonging to the *Mufti* of *Papimania*, and all or the greatest part of the Order of *Loyola*, one of the greatest and most Bigotted Pagans in the World.

With these, the *Palatine* Day and Night, Weekly, Monthly, Yearly, had his private Cabals and secret Consultation in his Palace under-ground, for they durst not appear in Publick, for fear of the Laws of *Albion*, which were very strict and severe against them; so that if any of them were caught they were pre-

preſently Hang'd up without Mercy. However they were the Palatines only *Croneys*, and by their means he held a faithful and continual Correſpondence with the *Muftie* of *Papimania*, and the King of *Aſtopia* in order to deſtroy the Chriſtians. And to prevent their being diſcover'd, the *Muftie* and the King of *Aſtopia* ſent the *Palatine* fifteen hundred thouſand Tuns of *Aurum Potabile*, to lull all thoſe Chriſtians aſleep that had any Eye upon their Actions. They had alſo among them an Inchanted *Mercuries Wand*, made of pure Gold, with which if they did but touch the Forehead of a Chriſtian, he fell into a profound *Caros*, and never wak'd again. And thus the *Muftie*, the King of *Aſtopia*, and the *Palatine*, were a combin'd *Triumvirate* to grind all the Chriſtians to Powder, as the chief Captain of the Hebrews did the Golden Calf, and to ſtrew the duſt of their powder'd Carcaſſes in the wind.

In order to this Deſign, it was concluded in the firſt place to deſtroy the *Belgians*. For at that time the Chriſtians of *Belgium*, and the Chriſtians of *Albion* were in League together, & the Pagan *Triumvirs* thought it impoſſible to accompliſh their Ends, unleſs they could divide the two moſt Potent States in the World of all the Chriſtian Nations. So they made Herrings the Ground of the Quarrel thus. It

It is well known to all the World, that the Pagans of *Papimania* are great Devourers of Herrings, and at one time of the year they feed only upon Herrings, as the Ancient Gods fed upon *Ambrosia*. Now in regard the King of *Albion* had a prodigiously vast Herring Pond in the North Seas, which no body else had, so that he could supply all those vast Regions, possessed by the Pagans, with Herrings. Which was the reason that the King of *Albion*'s Herring Revenue, had it been well manag'd, was lookt upon to be of greater value than all the Golden Mines of *Peru* in *America*, belonging to the King of the *Arragonians*, there being never a Herring in this Herring Pond, but what, as soon as it is caught, turns immediately into Gold. So that if the *Hesperian* Orchard deserv'd an always waking *Argos* for the Guard of half a score Golden Pippin Trees, the King of *Albion* ought to have had a Million of *Argos*'s to watch this Herring-Pond.

But the King of *Albion* not being so careful of his Herring-Pond as he should have been, the *Belgians* attracted by the great noise of the Gain which was made by this golden Fish, invaded the King of *Albion*'s *Herring-Pond*, saying, that the King of *Albion* had no more right to the Herring-Pond than they, since the wide

Sea

Sea was common to all, there being no Land-Marks, Mounds, Fences nor Hedges to diſtinguiſh Propriety upon the Ocean: and thus in a ſhort time the *Belgians* made more Profit of the King of *Albion*'s Herring-Pond than he did himſelf.

'Slife, quo the *Palatine*, there's ne're a *Belgian* in the World ſhall fiſh in our Herring-Pond; and with that he left his under-ground Palace, and remov'd to the Forreſt of *San Jacomo*; moreover, he took up Lodgings in *Alba Regalis* it ſelf, where the King kept his Court; where he lay day and night at the K. of *Albion*, to incenſe him againſt the *Belgians*. Sir, quo he, the *Belgians* rob your Herring-Pond: can you ſit ſtill and ſuffer ſuch an Affront? How ſhall I help it? quo the King. Beat 'em, quo the Palatine. 'Tis ſoon ſaid, quo the King. With that in a great Rage, quo the Palatine, ſay but the word, and I'le do the work with two or three Oyſter-Boats. Is not all the Sea yours that ſurrounds your Dominions? Nay, does not your chief Juſticiary's Warrant reach as far as a man may ken Land, and ſhall your Power be confin'd? The King of *Albion* being thus incens'd, ſent to the *Belgians* to forbear fiſhing his Herring-Pond: but the *Belgians* ſwore *Sacrament*, They would not forbear; and ſo the Quarrel began.

Chap.

Chap. 23. *Of the Great Preparations which the Palatine made to fight the* Belgians.

THe War being thus agreed upon, the King of *Albion* made the Palatine his *Archithalaſſus*; and to him committed the whole Care and Management of this Bloody Conteſt. And that he might not ſend the *Palatine* upon a Firſt day of *April* Errand, he rigg'd out a Stupendious Fleet, much bigger than *Agamemnon*'s when he ſail'd againſt *Troy*, tho' it coſt *Homer* half the Second Book of his *Iliads* to give a Liſt of the Ships and Commanders. The Fleet with which *Xerxes* cover'd the *Aſiatic* Ocean was not to compare with it. Nay, if I ſhould ſay that the Terrour of the Waves which broke the *Turcomans* at *Lepanto*, was but a Fleet of Mackarel Boats to it, I ſhould ſay nothing but the Truth.

But when the *Palatine* went aboard, and heard the great Guns Roar and Bark like ſo many *Cerberus*'s, he call'd to ſee the Bullets which thoſe maſſie brazen ſpit-fires carri'd. After he had felt the weight of three or four of the biggeſt, in a moſt vehement and terrible rage, quo he, Celeſtial foreſight was too ſhort, to make the ribs of man ſo weak, knowing the time would come when theſe unſanctifi'd Bul-

lets

lets would be in uſe. But conſidering that thô a man had but weak ribs, yet he had a ſtrong Brain, he began to think whether a man's brains might not be cunning enough to ſave his ribs. He remember'd how he had ſecur'd his bones at land, but he found it would be a much harder task to ſecure 'em at Sea. What, ſaid he to ſome of the chiefeſt of his *Tritons*, what if we ſhould build a fortification about the Ship as high as the main Maſt Top all of Wool Packs, ſuch as the Bridge of *Troynovant* ſtood upon, or elſe all great bags of down Feathers as they came out of *Ruſſia*? The *Tritons* told him that truly his Invention was very good, only that ſuch a Fortification would keep the Wind from the ſails and hinder the working of the Veſſel. Then do you think of a better, quo the Palatine. Upon that, they told him of a more uſual way, which was to coil a great Anchor cable as big as his middle four or five times about, leaving room enough for his perſon and a Velvet Chair to ſit down in. The Palatine deſir'd to ſee ſuch a thing, which was immediately got ready and in he went. This is pretty well, quo He, and I think pretty ſecure to keep a Bullet from entring: but to provide againſt the worſt, for the beſt will help it ſelf; ſuppoſe a great ſhot as big as a *Bufola*'s head ſhould come and give the coil a gentle remove to the other ſide

of

of the Ship, and ſo carry Coil, *Archithalaſſus* and all into the middle of the Sea, who the Devil ſhall take me up again? Nay ſuppoſe that happly you ſhould be craning me up again, and another bullet ſhould come and break the rope of the Pully, down drops Heir apparent again, and muſt inevitably be drown'd before you can get another Pully ready. The beſt way I find is to keep out of harms way, or if the Ship do come accidentally into danger, then to ſhift out of that Ship into another, and ſo into a ſecond, third or fourth as there ſhall be occaſion. Now what convenience is there for that? quo the *Palatine*. That, they told him, was eaſily done by means of the Long-boat. *Ventre goy*, quo the *Palatine*, if I can't truſt my perſon i'the Ship, i'le ne're truſt it in the Long-boat. No, quo he again, it muſt be ſomething ſwifter in motion than a Long-boat. I would have an Engine, like *Pacolets* horſe, to turn with a Pin, that I might flie like a Bird from Ship to Ship. Or elſe ſuch an Eagle as *Ganimeds* would do my buſineſs, if I could but get one as big and as tame as that. At length, after many debates and projects propos'd, it was by the *Tritons* concluded that he ſhould have a place provided for him in the hole, where it would be only the trouble of Meſſengers to run up and down to receive his Orders. That's

the

the laſt ſhift upon board and board quo the *Palatine*; i'le e'en try the *Coil* firſt, and keep as much out of the way as I can. And then, that they might not want directions, he told them he would give them his orders from time to time, in time of Fight, by the motions of his Pendants and Streamers, and ſet down the ſignification of every motion in writing of which he would give every *Triton* a Copy: or elſe deliver them himſelf by word of Mouth by means of a ſpeaking Trumpet. Thereupon a large *Coil* was provided with all ſpeed; and that all the care and caution might be taken that could be, it was waſh'd within ſide with holy water, and lin'd without ſide with Wafers conſecrated after the *Pagan* manner, for quo they, no Bullet ſurely will be ſo prophane to touch the *Pagan Euchariſtia*.

Chap. 24. *Of the deſperate engagement between the* Belgians *and the* Albionians, *and of the undaunted courage of the Palatine.*

THe next morning the Palatine call'd for his truſty Page *Epiſtemon*; to whom, *Epiſtemon*, quo he, didſt thou ever read or know i' thy Life of an Heir apparent to three Kingdoms that went about to venture his Life as I do? Never that I can remember, Sir, quo *Epiſtemon*; What then will future Ages think of me?

me? quo the *Palatine*. They will certainly extol your undaunted courage to the skies, quo *Epiſtemon*, and look upon yee as one that valu'd neither three Kingdoms nor your Life any more than a Penn'orth of Damſons, when your Honour lay at ſtake. But perhaps they may blame yee for being too daring and venturous. Why truly, quo the *Palatine*, I do not believe, that *Hercules* would have been half ſo famous as he was, had our way of Sea fighting been then in uſe: Nor can I find he was ever in Expectation of three Kingdoms; a pitiful Oſtler as he was, that cleans'd the *Augean* ſtable for three pence a day; and never had a ſuit of cloaths to his back, but only a Lyon's skin: What would his Club have ſignifi'd againſt a Cannon bullet? nor do I believe that *Achilles* would have ſtood ſtill in a place, to have been knockt o'the head without being able to help himſelf: for there's ſome ſatisfaction in *Thwick* for *Thwack*; and a man that fights with a man fights with fleſh and bones like himſelf: but a man is not made of mud walls to reſiſt Cannon Bullets: and therefore he that can ſtand upon a Quarter deck, and bid a Cannon Bullet kiſs his back-ſide, muſt certainly be much a more valiant man than ever any of the Ancient *Hero's*: and that thou ſhalt ſee me do to morrow. What thô I may perhaps be out of his reach?

He

He that bid the *Archon* of *Londinum* kiſs his tail, when he was upon the *Mountains* of *Alta Porta*, had as good a heart, as he that ſpoke the words to the *Archon*'s face. There is one thing however, for which I blame our *Pagan* Deities, that they never take any care of late of ſuch Hero's as I am; whereas *Jupiter* ſent a Dream booted and ſpurr'd to *Agamemnon* juſt before he went aboard the *Grecian* Navy, to give him a *What chear ho?* and to encourage him to go on and fear nothing. This was ſome comfort to a man. But the Devil a bit will any of our Pagan *Semigods* come near me; althô I'le warrant yee, I have a hunder'd *Ora pro nobis*'s ſaying for me at this time. But courage, *Epiſtemon*, our cauſe is good, and Herrings is the word: Our Seas guard us; and we muſt guard our Seas, that's but fair, *Tit for Tat*, and let all the Bullets in the *Belgian* Fleet, kiſs where I ſate on Sunday.

Chap. 25. *Being a Continuation of things impoſſible to be left out.*

THis ſaid the Palatine order'd a Gun to be fir'd, to ſummon the chiefeſt of the *Tritons* aboard. To whom, moſt noble *Tritons*, quo he, I heartily thank ye for the *Coil* which you have provided for me; I have been in it, and find it very comfortable, and I believe 'twill prove pret-

pretty ſecure. 'Twere a rare convenience for a General by Land; for then I could ſet it upon a Camels back, and ride about from Right wing to left wing as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill. Not but that my courage ſcorns ſuch a pitiful evaſion of death; but as *Cæſar* in a ſtorm chear'd up the skipper by telling him he carri'd *Cæſar* and his Fortune, ſo noble *Tritons*, the Ship that carries me, carries the Fortune of *Albion*. For if I am loſt, there's an end of a whole Royal Deſcent. Which I may live to reſtore, if I can but ſcape theſe Roundheaded fiery Meſſengers of Death. I have heard how Induſtrious the Heathens were to preſerve the *Fortune* of their Dominions. Which made the *Trojans* ſo chary of their *Palladium*, and the *Romans* of their *Ancilia*. *Nyſus* had a purple lock upon which depended the Fortune of *Megara*; what did his Daughter do, but one night, like a Harlot as ſhe was, ſhe ſnipt off this purple lock as her Father lay aſleep, and ſo the City was loſt. I do not ſpeak this, noble *Tritons*, that I fear Death; I value not my Life no more than I do a Cherry-ſtone. For if you think it will be for the Glory and Welfare of *Albion*, do you all lie by, and I proteſt and vow you ſhall ſee me with this only ſingle Ship fight the whole Navy of the *Belgians*. But do you on the other ſide conſider, whether it will not be more for the general

good,

good, that the Fortune of *Albion* ſhould be ſafe and keep out of harm's way.

Look ye, noble *Triton*'s, when you ſee a yellow Streamer upon the main Top Maſt head, bear to the *Larboard*: when you ſee a Sea-green Streamer, bear to the Starboard. When you ſee a flame colour Pendant, rake 'em fore and aft; if the Pendant be *fueiRemote* 'tis a ſign of danger, then look to the Fortune of *Albion*; if you ſee a blew Streamer, lay 'em aboard; if you ſee a black Streamer, ſend in your Fire-Ships; if you ſee a blood red Streamer, 'tis a ſign I am very angry; there's ſomething amiſs ſee what it is, and mend it. And when you ſee a green Streamer, drink brandy and refreſh your ſelves. If a *Triton* happen to be deſperately wounded, or kill'd give me notice by ringing the watch bell, and I'le pray for his Soul. And ſo, noble Tritons, every one to his command; ſtand to your Panpudding, let's not loſe our Herring Pond for a broken ſhin or two: and when the battel's won, take you the blows and I'le have the Honour, and ſo we'le ſhare the buſineſs between us.

Chap.

Chap. 26. *Of the moſt terrible Engagement that ever was upon the face of the Sea, and how valorouſly the Palatine behav'd himſelf.*

THe Tritons being thus encourag'd, and furniſh'd with Orders and Inſtructions, made all the ſail they could to find out the *Belgians*. Nor was it long before they got ſight of their whole Fleet, and no ſooner had they diſcover'd 'em, but the *Albionians* gave ſuch a ſhout as made the people in the Moon run out of their Houſes to ſee what was the matter. And this was ſo well ſeconded by the Roaring and Thundring of the great Guns, that the Sun himſelf was in a Quandary whether he ſhould go backward or forward. Nor was it leſs diſmal to the Eye, to ſee all the four Principal Materials of the World in a Huddle together; the Ships reſembling the Earth, the Guns Vomiting Fire, the Air condens'd into ſmoak, the Water under yee and the Wind i' your Tail.

In this Confuſion of the four Elements, the *Palatine*, thô not till ten *Satrapes* at leaſt, and the chief *Triton* of the Ship upon their knees beſought him to take care of the *Fortune of Albion*, ſlip't into his *Coil*, where he ſate like a Jack Hare in his form, ever and anon waving his Scimitar, and crying, *What chear ho?* do we take,

take, or are we taken? No, Sir, quo the Seamen, but we fire like Devils. Well done, well done, quo the Palatine, what Ships are near us? They Sail, quo the Seamen, upon your Starboard and Larboard like a Wall on both ſides. Among 'em then, quo the *Palatine*, and with that ſtarting up upon his Legs, & ſpying a *Belgian* Veſſel lying like a great Whale in the Sea, without Maſts or Rigging, give way, quo the *Palatine*, & let me ſend that *Skellum* to Perdition, and then ordering a Broadſide to be pour'd into the almoſt deſerted Carcaſs of a Ship, compleated her ruine, and ſent her to the Bottom of the Sea. Upon that the Seamen ſet up a *Huzzah*, as if the whole *Belgian* Fleet had been upon the Run with all the Sail they could make. Did not I tell ye, quo the *Palatine*, his Eyes flaming like two holes of a Glaſs houſe Furnace, did I not tell ye what work I'de make if once I came among 'em? Are there any more batter'd *Belgians* for me to finiſh their Deſtruction? The words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, but by the Devils direction, came a light Horſeman of a damn'd Thirty-Pounder, and took off the Head, Shoulders and Arms of three *Albionian Satrapes*, ſo near the *Palatine*, that the Fiſt of one of the Arms gave him a ſound box o'the Ear, and the Brains of another beat out one of his Teeth, What Son of a Mungrel's that? quo the Pala-

tine, the Dog has turn'd my Stomach; but after he had puk'd a little, *Ajax* was never in ſuch a fury, when he murder'd the Sheep; he bluſter'd like the Northern *Boreas*, ſwell'd like an incens'd Louſe in a *Microſcope*, fum'd like a Tinker in his Ale, and Vow'd revenge upon the *Belgians* to the third and fourth Generation, till at laſt having quite ſpent himſelf, and finding that both Fleets having their Bellies full, had cry'd King's Truce, to take a little breath, he retir'd to his Cabin to fetch a Nap.

Chap. 27. *Being a Continuation of the Bloody Engagement.*

THe Smoak was pretty well vaniſh'd, and the Sun that had been wandring in the Sky, like a benighted Traveller, for four hours together, muffl'd up in Egyptian darkneſs began to ſee where he was, and the Infernal Carpenters had very near repair'd the Foundations of the Sea, which had been terribly ſhaken by the violence of the Gunpowder, and the loud bellowing of the Cannon, when of a ſuddain, the *Belgians*, having refreſh'd their Spirits, and rewarm'd their Courages with large Cordials of Brandy, and thinking to catch the *Albionians* as *Moſs* caught his Mare, came ſpooning before the Wind, and bare directly with a brisk Gale upon the *Albionian* Fleet; but the *Albionians* being no leſs ready to receive them, in a moment there was the Devil

vil upon *Dun* again. The great Battel between the Gyants and the Gods, when Monſtrous Mortals batter'd the reſounding Sphears with whole Mountains at a time, and broke the Olympic Windows about the Ears of the Celeſtial Thunderer, was but a Flea-bite to this. The Concave of Heaven was but one diſmal *Flagellet*, where the curs'd Fifty-Pounders whiſtl'd their Infernal Jiggs, to which numbers of mangl'd *Phocas*'s daunc'd in the bloody Air without Legs.

In this aſtoniſhing Conjuncture, the Vice-*Archithalaſſus* not ſeeing the flame-colour'd Streamer upon the Main-Topmaſt-Head, ſent away to the Palatine for freſh Orders and Supplies; But the Palatine was faſt aſleep, like *Octavius Cæſar* at the Battel of *Philippi*. Nor durſt any of the *Tritons* preſume to wake him, nor durſt any of the Veſſels that hover'd about him ſtir from guarding the *Fortune of* Albion; till at length Meſſenger after Meſſenger coming from the Vice-*Archithalaſſus*, one of the *Tritons* knock'd at the Cabin door, firſt ſoftly, then liſten'd; then harder, then liſten'd again. But nobody wak'd, nobody ſtirr'd: preſently comes another, and another and another Meſſenger, to tell the Palatine the Vice-*Archithalaſſus* was Wounded, and they open'd the Door and went in. But Heavens! in what a

Conſternation were they then? They drew the Curtains, lookt into the Bed, and under the Bed, and over the Bed, ſearch'd every Corner and Cranny of the Room, but no *Palatine* was to be found. They ſaw the Cabin tite, the Window ſhut, and the Bed-cloaths unſing'd, and what Devil had carry'd him away a Pick-back, they could not imagine. Well, quo they, farewel Victory, the Fortune of *England* is loſt. No, no, quo another. I'le warrant ye for a *Graveſend* Toaſt we ſhall ſee him again: this is only the Kindneſs of Heaven; there is ſome perillous Hour at hand, and ſome of the Pagan Deities have brought him a *Gyges*'s Ring to preſerve him Inviſible, till the danger be over. Now I'le be hang'd if he ben't i'the Cabin, but if he ſhould ſpeak, the Vertue of the Ring would be loſt, and that he knows, and therefore does wiſely to hold his Tongue. Did not *Venus* hide *Æneas* in a Cloud when he was in the ſame Danger? and do you think there are not ſome of the Female-Pagan-Goddeſſes that love him as well as *Venus* lov'd her Darling?

Now tho' it were not altogether ſo as the *Triton* ſaid, yet it was ſomewhat like it. For afterwards it was found out, and if it be not, it ought to be recorded for one of the greateſt Miracles that ever were known ſince the coming of Antichriſt.

Chap.

Chap. 28. *Of the Miraculous Preſervation of the Palatine, which ſurpaſſes all belief.*

FOr ſo it fell out, that one of the Pagan Goddeſſes, ſome ſay, *Sancta Agatha*, ſome ſay the Egyptian *Sancta Maria*, who of a Pagan Harlot, became a Pagan Goddeſs; ſome ſay one, and ſome ſay another; 'tis not a Pin matter which; but one there was, who whether ſhe were tyr'd with the continual *Litanies* of the *Aſtopian Raminogrobis*'s, or whether it were out of her peculiar Compaſſion to the Palatine, is not material to our Hiſtory, came down from her Celeſtial Manſion, with nothing on but her Shift and her Slippers, which made ſome believe ſhe was a Kin to the Silver ſlip ſho'd *Icis* that was courted by *Zephyrus*; this Goddeſs, I ſay, well-knowing the danger that near at hand threatned the *Palatine*, and finding him ſo carelefly aſleep, took him up in her Arms (for your Pagan Goddeſſes are all Strappers) carried him out of the Cabin Window inviſible, and conveighing him in again at one of the Port-holes, lugg'd him down into the Hold, and after ſhe had laid him upon the Ballaſt, upon the very ſame Bed of Roſes upon which *Venus* laid *Adonis*, cover'd him with the hinder part of her ſhift, which ſhe tore off for that purpoſe, and ſo leaving him,

retir'd bare-breech to the *Cœlum Empiræum.*

She nickt it, you'l ſay exactly. For at the ſame time the *Belgian Architkalaſſus*, mov'd by the Inſtigation of the Devil, could find, or at leaſt was reſolv'd to find out nobody elſe to win Grinning Honour by, but the *Architha-laſſus* of *Albion.* Now this *Belgian Architha-laſſus* was juſt ſuch another as *Prometheus*, who they ſay, cover'd a whole Acre of Ground when he lay upon his Belly. And it ſeems he had made a Vow, if he took the *Palatine* alive, to ſhut him up in an Iron Cage, and ſhew him about the Cities of *Batavia*, as *Tamerlain* did *Bajazet*; and for a Memorial of his Victory, to hire four Aſtrologers to take down *Arion's Dolphin* from the Sky, and put up a Barrel of red Herrings in the room. Thus reſolv'd, he bore up to the *Palatine* with all the Sail he could make, and a reſolution to Board him, and do ſuch farther Miſchief as the Devil ſhould put into his thoughts. But curſt Cows have ſhort Horns. For the *Triton Thims* obſerving the *Belgian Archithalaſſus's* wicked Intentions, ſtrook in with his *Spitfire* between the *Palatine* and him; and as the *Pagan Goddeſſes* would have it, plac'd a great Shot ſo exactly between Wind and Water, that by force it enter'd the Powder Room without a Writ in *Withernam.* Preſently (for there was no Re-

plevy

plevy i'the caſe) there was the Devil and all to do. The Bullet ſet the Powder a fire, the Powder ſet the Ship a fire, and in a moment ſent the *Belgian Archithalaſſus* to Heaven in a fiery Chariot, with a Silver Tankard in his hand, to preſent *Peter* the Door-keeper. Tho' if any man ought to have gone firſt to Purgatory, the Belgian *Archithalaſſus* did; conſidering how he ſtunk of Sulphur and Brimſtone; perfumes the moſt ungrateful in the world to the Inhabitants of the *Empyræan* Manſions.

Chap. 29. *How the Palatine wak'd and was found again to the great Joy of thoſe that beheld him.*

THe Pagan Goddeſs, that ſtay'd in the Orb of the Moon, all this while, to ſee the Event of things, perceiving the Danger was over, and hearing what a lamentable ſtir the *Phocaſſes* kept for their *Archithalaſſus*, darted again from the Sky like a Spider upon a Fly, or like the *Turcoman* Dancer upon the Ropes from the Top of his Pole, and finding the *Palatine* ſtill in a ſweet ſleep, took him up in her Arms, and as a Midwife carries an Infant to the Font; convey'd him back again to his Cabin, and laid him where ſhe found him. Soon after the horrid noiſe in the Ship wak'd him, and out he came rubbing his Eyes upon the

Quarter Deck, to the no leſs joy than amazement of all that beheld him. Welcom from the other World, Noble *Palatine*, quo the Chief *Triton* of the Ship. From the other World indeed, quo the *Palatine*; for I ha' been with Angels and Arch-Angels, and Pagan Gods and Goddeſſes, and I know not who my ſelf. We thought ſo, quo the *Triton*, for we have been ſeeking for ye theſe two hours, and could not find ye neither high nor low: But did ye meet no body upon the Road as ye came down again? How ſo? quo the Palatine. Marry, quo the *Triton*, here came the Belgian *Archithalaſſus* to enquire for ye, and we told him we thought you were gone into the other World; whereupon he immediately took poſt with all his Ships Company, and went after ye: and with that he told the Palatine the whole Story of the blowing up of the Belgian *Archithalaſſus*. *Vertue Goy*, quo the *Palatine*, I would not have been here for a Million; for I ſhould have been all for grapling, and Boarding; my Fingers would have been itching to have had a ſingle Touch with my Brother *Archithalaſſus*, and ſo we ſhould have ſpilt an Ocean of Chriſtian Blood between us, when the Buſineſs was done a ſhorter and more compendious way. I have known an *Epitome* do much better than the Volume at large. For example,

there

there is *Aſhmole*'s Hiſtory of our Order, would be far better Epitomiz'd. So the moſt Compendious way of ſending an Enemy out of the World is the beſt; and ſaves an *Archithalaſſus* the Chargeable Expence of a Funeral. Then for the Honour of the Action, who dares refuſe it me ſo long as I live, and I'le make it paſs currant in future Story to boot.

And now the *Belgians*, having loſt their *Archithalaſſus*, and ſome three or four more of their biggeſt *Towzers*, made all the Sail they could to their own Coaſts, and the Palatine was glad he was rid of 'em ſo. Nevertheleſs, the *Belgians* were ſo obſtinate, that they would not yield the Palatine the Victory, unleſs he would come to ſuch and ſuch terms; for as for the blowing up of their *Archithalaſſus*, it was a Chance that might have happen'd to the *Palatine* as well as to them, and therefore was not to be reckon'd among their Loſſes by downright Thumping and fair Blows. Thereupon it was concluded that two of the moſt eminent *Tritons* in each Fleet, ſhould be made choice of, one for the *Albionians*, and another for the *Belgians*, and that theſe two ſhould throw moſt at three throws upon three Dice, for the Glory of the Day. He that was for the *Belgians* threw firſt Six, Eight and Five, then two Fives and a Tray; and in the laſt

place, Aumes Ace and a Duce. He that was for the *Albionians*, threw firſt Two Sixes and a Four, then Six, Five and Four, and laſtly three Duces, and ſo the *Albionians* and the Palatine had the Honour of the Victory.

Ch. 30. *Of the Great Rejoycing and Triumphing in the City of* Troy-Novant, *for the great Victory obtain'd againſt the* Belgians, *and of the great Honours done the* Palatine.

THe News of this great Victory being ſpread through all the Streets of *Troy-Novant*, as ſoon the Palatine's Fame fill'd all the Coffee-Houſes of that ſpacious City. He that enter'd into any Diſcourſes, but of the Palatine's renowned Actions, had a Diſh of the Stygian Liquor flung in his Face. There they decreed the Number of the Belgian *Towzers* Sunk and Taken, of the *Triton*'s kill'd, of the *Phocas*'s Slain and Pris'ners: and having diſcover'd in the Miſts and Fumes of Tabacco and *Egyptian* Bean-broth, a Victory much more ſignal than was reported, Poor *Fame* was Jilted, Whor'd, Plagu'd, Pox'd, and Hagg'd for being too ſparing of her Lungs, and partial to the Palatine. They bid her ſell her pitiful pimping ſqueaking Quail-Pipe to the Shewers of Strange Fiſh, and buy her a Speaking Trumpet of Fifty yards long, and keep

keep the four Winds in Pay to blow it; in regard the *Palatines* Renown would find 'em all work enough.

I wonder, crys one, whether the Palatine will make any Publick Entry through the City? 'Tis order'd already crys another, that he ſhall ride from *Julius Cæſar*'s Tower to *Alba Regalis* in the *Royal Charles*, drawn by Six hundred forty eight Sea-Horſes, with every one a Mermaid upon his Back, and *Neptune* himſelf is to be the Poſtillion; and all the Grocers are forbid to ſell the Boys any Gun-Powder to prevent the throwing of Squibs.

This is all too little, cryes a grave Gentleman with a Strawberry Countenance, I would have the ſame Honours decreed the *Palatine*, as the Senate of *Rome* decreed *Caligula* for filling his Souldiers Helmets with *Cockle-Shells*; for I believe this to be as terrible a Fight as ever that was. Terrible! Sir, quo another, I was in it, and the Devil choak me, if ever any pot boyl'd as the Sea did for ſix Hours together. To confirm what you ſay, cry'd another, I had one of the great Iron Bullets that Sunk the *Zealander* of Sixty four Guns, to Dinner to day; and may I never ſwallow more, if it did not eat as tender as a Cabbidge. Judge you then of the ſtupendious Valour and Proweſs of the *Palatine*, that could endure in ſuch a Brunt as this, and never Flinch. The

The *Albi, Regalians* met him upon the River *Thameſis*, with fifteen hund'red Painted Barges, ſinging *Io Triumphe*; call'd him the Son of *Neptune*, which the *Palatine* ſcrupl'd not to owne, with great Admiration of himſelf; and the firſt thing they Preſented him with, was a Crown of Gold Tinſel, made in imitation of a Garland of *Sea Holly*.

The *Archon* of *Troy-Novant* alſo went to Congratulate his ſafe return, and made him a Preſent of a vaſt March-pane Man of War, Swimming in an Ocean of Cuſtard. His Flatterers ſurrounded him, his Paraſites encircl'd him, and his Buffoons clung about him, calling him the *Jaſon* of his Time, and extolling his Valour to the Sphear of *Saturn*, and the two Muſes *Melpomene* and *Clio* were at work Night and Day to make him Panegyricks. And no queſtion but had he accompany'd his Brother *Archithalaſſus*, and dy'd upon the ſpot, he had won immortal Honour, and had been tranſlated into the Upper Regions, and Catalogu'd among the *Pagan Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, like the *Roman* Imperators. At length to compleat all the reſt, Addreſſes alſo came from *Longtail* and *Bobtail* from every Corner of the Kingdom, to thank him for *what the Cat left in the Mault*. And the *Phanatick Philoſophers*, call'd *Virtuoſi*, preſented him with

an

an Engine to make white black, and black white, when ever he ſhould have occaſion to uſe it.

So that the *Belgians*, hearing what a Clutter the *Albionians* made of their Victory which they had got but by one ſpot of a die, they fell a making a Bonfires and Fire-works like mad, and rejoicing and triumphing for the great Victory obtain'd over the *Albionians* on their ſide. Which was a great eccliplſe to the Palatines Honour: for all the *Europæan* Princes perceiving ſo light a feather turn'd the Scales, when ever they met together drew cuts which ſide to believe, and if at any time, the Palatines Agents made bounces of their Maſters Proweſs in any of their pretences, they ſaid nothing, but nodded their heads and laid their fore fingers upon their noſes, and 'tis ſaid that the *Waywode* of *Ditto* when he had read the *Cologne* Corant hang'd himſelf, for being ſo much miſtaken in his *Politicks* as to ſend his Envoy to Congratulate the *Palatines* ſucceſs.

Chap. 31. *How Peace enſu'd, and then War, and then Peace and then War again between the* Albionians *and the* Belgians, *and how the Palatine cut the Gordian Knot.*

THe *Palatine* thus finding it was not ſo eaſie a thing to deſtroy the *Belgians*, as he thought

thought it had been, ſent to the King of the *Aſtopians* who was a rank *Pagan*, deſiring him that they two might lay their heads together to conſider what was farther to be done. And in Concluſion they made the ſtricteſt league of Friendſhip together that ever was known. For after they had twiſted both their Intereſts together with two great Iron wheels, as cloſe and as firm as the ſtrongeſt Cable rope in the world, and ſo long as to reach from *Lutetia* to *Troy-Novant*, the King of *Aſtopia* caus'd fifteen *Cyclops*'s to faſten one end of the Intereſt-Cable to the Region of his Heart with twenty Iron-nails ſuch as they drive into the Ribs of a great Ship, forc'd in with Maſſie Anchor Hammers; and the Palatine order'd the other end of the Intereſt-Cable to be faſten'd in like manner to the Region of his Heart, ſo that it was impoſſible for either to ſtir unleſs they went jointly together. After this the *Palatine* ſold the Reverſion and Remainder of the three Kingdoms of *Albion*, *Caledonia* and *Hibernia*, with all the Giblets thereto belonging, after the King of *Albions* deceaſe, to the King of *Aſtopia* and his Heirs for ever; Provided that the Palatine ſhould hold them in Vaſſalage of the King of *Aſtopia* during his own Life. On the other ſide it was covenanted and agreed that the King of *Aſtopia* ſhould furniſh the *Palatine* with whatever

ſumm

ſumm or ſumms of Money he ſhould ask or demand, to be expended all toward the Extermination of the *Chriſtians* from the face of the Earth. All which being approv'd and conſented to, a brace of Envoys were diſpatch'd to the Emperor of the Infernal Regions for Confirmation of the Articles under the great Seal of the Bottomleſs Pit: and withal to requeſt ſuch farther Aſſiſtance from his *Plutonian Majeſty* as the King of *Aſtopia* and the Palatine ſhould from time to time deſire.

The *Belgians* having notice of this Terreſtrial and Infernal Combination againſt them, immediately enter'd into a ſtrict confederacy with the King of the *Vandals*, the *Arragonian* Monarch, and the *Chriſtians* of *Albion*, and for more ſurety bound themſelves all together in a bundle, like the King of *Scythia*'s Emblem of Concord, with the bark of a Cornet Tree, & ſo faſten'd the Knot, that there was neither Beginning nor End to be ſeen; ſo that it was thought impoſſible for all the wit of man to untie it.

The King of *Aſtopia* and the Palatine were ſtrangely conſternated at this *Aſſociation*; for the one foreſaw, that unleſs he could unlooſe it ſome way or other, he ſhould never attain to the Univerſal Monarchy of *Europe*; and the other for the ſame Reaſon, deſpair'd of the Deſtruction of the Chriſtians. Preſently the *Palatine*

latine having heard of the Story of *Alexander* was for cutting it; withal he told the King of *Aſtopia*, that he had a Lord that was the beſt at paring of Pippins in the World, and that he would ſend him to take his opportunity to give it a ſliver; And indeed that ſlie *Necromancer* gave it ſuch a gaſh, that it hung meerly by one Thread. So that the *Palatine* having thus render'd the Knot uſeleſs, the King of the *Aſtopians* and he reſolv'd to ſet upon the *Belgians* a ſecond time. But whether it were that the *Palatine* did not like the ſport of his own making, or that having bought a hunting Nagg of a Lady of Quality, and having ſprain'd the lower Vertebraes of his Chine in leaping after a Buck, he could not be there; ſo it was, that the Care and Management of that War was committed to others, and the *Palatine* only ſate in a Beacon, and look'd on; ſo that we have nothing more to ſay to that Affair.

Chap. 32. *How the Palatine follow'd the Example of* Nero *the Tyrant of* Rome.

IT was Milk and Honey to the Palatine, that he had found out away to ſet the Chriſtians, as he was in good hopes, at a perpetual enmity one with another, and to ſee them lambaſting, thraſhing and thumping each other as they did for a few *China* Diſhes, and Petti-

coat

coat Silks, or as if the Pepper of *India* had been the *ſummum bonum* of all Mankind. The *Indians* bleſs'd themſelves to hear that two Nations ſhould ſo diſmally mangle one another for the ſeaſoning of a Venſon Paſty. But the *Palatine* and the King of *Aſtopia* had their Ends, and car'd not thô Heaven and Earth had been clapt together like two Furmity Diſhes. But nothing afflicted the *Palatine* ſo much as to ſee the flouriſhing Condition of the great City of *Troynovant*, abounding in wealth and vaſt numbers of Chriſtians. He remembred their large Contributions of Thimbles and Bodkins againſt the late King of *Albion*, and dreaded nothing more than that the Riches and Populouſneſs of that vaſt City, would be the only obſtruction of all his deep laid contrivances againſt the Chriſtians. He knew the Devil himſelf could never make the Earth gape wide enough to ſwallow it up. What way therefore to level it as ſmooth as the back of his hand, he could not for his Soul deviſe. To thoſe that gave him Advice to fire it, he made anſwer, that he knew the ſtory of the *Phœnix*, how ſhe ſet her Neſt a Fire and reviv'd again; that the *Pagans* were the better and came out the more refin'd for going into Purgatory, that the World was to be renew'd by fire, and therefore fire was not an Element to be truſted in an Affair of ſo great

great Importance. For quo the Palatine, I would have ſhav'd it from the ground as clean as a man's Beard from his Chin with a Razor, and ſo thrown into the middle of the Sea. Then proceeding, we all know, quo the *Palatine*, there is a way of ſmothering Bees to Death. Now a great City is but a great Bee-hive, and the People are but a vaſt number of Bees with a great many Drones mix'd among 'em: Why then might there not be a project found out to ſmother theſe Bees of Chriſtians to death in their Combs with moiſt brown Paper and old Cards? It would be a double Pleaſure to ſee the Chriſtians periſh, and periſh in Torment. What d'ye ſay, Son's of *Loyola*? you are old Dogs at miſchief, go and lay your heads together. For this great City ſticks i' my Stomack, paſt all the *Oxymel Squilliticum* or Antimony in the World to fetch it up, *Emou zontos gaia miſtheto pyri* is the Word. So ſaid *Nero* the Tyrant of *Rome*, and ſo ſay I. The Loyoliſts applauded the magnanimous Reſolution of the *Palatine*, but withal they told him there was no Element but fire would do the Buſineſs: for that they had got ſuch a Compoſition that water would inflame, but never quench, and that they would undertake to do it.

Chap.

Ch. 33. *More of this and ſomething elſe.*

NO ſooner was the buſineſs concluded, but an Envoy arriv'd from the Emperour of the Infernal Regions, who was preſently admitted to his private Audience. In the firſt place he told the *Palatine* that his Maſter had ſent a hundred waggon-loads of thanks perfum'd with brimſtone for his great care of the General concern; That he highly approv'd the deſign of firing *Troy Novant*, and that for the carrying on of the buſineſs, his Maſter had ſent him twenty Fly-boats of right Infernal *Bitumen* that would catch like tinder, and flame like burnt brandy; encouraging the Palatine withal not to fear the diſcovery of his name, for that his Maſter would caſt ſuch a miſt before the Eyes of the People that they ſhould never be able to read it tho 'twere writ in *Pothecarie's* Letters. Care was alſo taken, to diſpatch away another Envoy to King *Eolus* to deſire him to chain up the *North Wind* to the *Pole Arti k* and let looſe a ſtrong eaſterly gale: and to prevent rain, that the Region of the Air might be bruſht and ſwept ſo clean that there might not a Cloud be ſeen in the Sky. Others there were in the Confederacy that propounded the ſending of a Courrier to *Vulcan*, to deſire him to ſend them his great pair of Smith's

Smith's Bellows. But there was one of the *Loyoliſts* more cunning than all the reſt, who adviſ'd the Palatine to ſave all this charges, for that he knew a *Loyaliſt* that had all the Winds in a bag made of a flead Dolphins Skin, and that by the force of certain charms that he knew how to mumble, he could command the winds to blow as he liſted himſelf. I believe, quo the Palatine to the *Loyoliſt*, that your Friend may have ſuch a bag, and I like it very well, but I love to be ſure, and therefore I will ſend for *Vulcans* great Bellows whatever they coſt me.

And it will be very requiſite, cryed another who was one of the chief of the *Loyoliſts* that we conjure up a certain number of *Miphoſtopholus's* (having whole Legions at Command) to fly about in the Air and daub the outſides of all the Houſes, Temples and Steeples, with *Naphta* and *Bitumen*. Now *Naphta* was the Invention of that famous Witch *Medea*; and the Nature of it is ſuch that whatever is beſmear'd with it, catches immediately if it come but within ſight of Fire or the Sun, and burns beyond any poſſibility of quenching it. And *Bitumen* has another quality to draw fire to it, and ſet the very Air of Fire. Now of two ſuch Infernal Ingredients as theſe was made up the compoſition of the *Paynim* fire-balls,

and

and the Houſes were beſmeared by the *Miphoſtofuſus*'s, with ſuch Inchantments as theſe that the City of *Troy-Novant* ſhould burn for three days together. For not only the *Miphoſtofus*'s flew about inviſibly in the day time ;daubing and plaiſtring the Houſes with their Diabolical Birdlime, but the *Panim Loyoliſts* ſent about their Emiſſaries in the night time laden with this Infernal Morter to ſtick it up and down wherever they could find any Combuſtible Matter. And indeed never did any Conflagrations of whole Cities ſo nearly reſemble one another as thoſe of old *Rome* and *Troy Novant*.

Chap. 34. *Of the Great Similitude in every particular between the* Two *diſmal Conflagrations of Old* Rome *and* New Troy.

A Conflagration followd, whether by chance or by the Treachery of the Prince is uncertain; for Authors have delivered both. It was begun in that part of the City where thoſe ſorts of Wares and Merchandizes lay that were moſt apt to feed the flames. The People all in Conſternation and Ambiguous what to avoid, what courſe to take, ſome fill'd up the Streets, others lay ſcatter'd in the Fields adjoyning, wringing their hands and bewailing their

Tacitus Annal. lib. 15.

their irrecoverable losses; Others that labour'd to quench the Raging Flames, toyl'd and moyl'd in vain, while the *Panim* Emissaries publickly nourished the Conflagration with fresh fuel, and being apprehended, boasted the Protection of him that set them at work. So that afterwards tho the Prince seem'd to take a great deal of care of the Distressed Multitude, yet it signify'd nothing, in regard there was a Rumour spread, that while the City was all on flame, he enter'd into his *Domestick Theatre*, and sang the burning of *Troy*.

Chap 35. *Where the Comparison ends.*

WHen the Genius of *Albion*, heard this Doleful Relation uttered from the lips of the Venerable *Bede*, Alas poor *Troy-Novant*, said he, how like was thy calamity to this! The King of *Astopia* and the *Palatine* in imitation of *Nero*, conspiring thy ruin, and to lay thee in ashes call up for assistance from the Infernal Regions; and all the while thou burnst, they Kiss and Court, and with their fair *Poppæa's* wantonnize.

At length when *Brontes*, *Steropes* and *Pyracman* had quite tired themselves with blowing *Vulcans* Massie Bellow's till they could blow no longer, and the devouring flames had gorg'd themselves upon the Stately Structures of *Troy-Novant*,

Novant, which now lay all in ashes, the Emperor of the Infernal Regions, sent away his Grand Vizier *Moloch* to the *Astopian* King and the *Palatine*, to congratulate the happy success of their design, assuring them that it was not out of any disaffection to their cause, but only because it was not in his power, that he did not turn the soyl upon which *Troy-Novant* stood into a lake like that of old *Gomorrah*, to the end it might never be built upon again. Withal the Lord *Moloch* had in charge to bid the *Astopian* King and the *Palatine* have a care of the *Grand Senate* of *Albion*; for that he foresaw they would in a short time rebuild it again, unless by their Prudence and Interest they could dissolve that detested Nest of Christians, and send the Birds to *Avernus*; and lastly he bid them be sure to lay the Burning of *Troy-Novant* upon the Christians themselves, as the Emperor *Nero* laid the firing of *Old Rome* upon the Children of *Israel*; all which the King of *Astopia* and the Palatine promis'd to use their utmost endeavour to see done according to his Imperial Majesties Directions.

Chap.

Chap. 26. *Of the Great joy at the Imperial Court of* Gehenna *for the Burning of* Troy-Novant *and how the King of* Aſtopia *and the* Palatine *triumph'd over a Map of the Ruines.*

SO ſoon as the *Sultan* of *Gehenna* had diſpatched away his Embaſſador *Moloch*, he call'd together the reſt of his ſooty Grandees, *Baal Peor*, *Bell and the Dragon*, *Aſhtaroth*, *Satan*, *Oſiris*, *Thamuz*, *Lucifer*, *Belzebub*, *Gerion*, *Orcus*, *Tartarus*, Madam *Dagon*, the Lady *Hecate*, Madam *Nemeſis*, and ſome hundreds more too long to remember, who being all aſſembled together, the *Sultan* being mounted upon his Imperial Throne, 'Right Truſty and well beloved Couſins and 'Counſellers, quo he, it is our will and pleaſure, 'that there ſhall be a Publick *Jubile* of twelve 'years throughout all our Dominions, for the 'Burning of *Troy Novant* in the Kingdom of '*Albion*; a ſpacious Neſt of *Chriſtians* that 'diſturb'd my Ears more than all the world 'beſide, with their ſix a Clock Bells and their 'three a Clock Bells, and their firſt and ſecond 'Peals in one Temple or other all the Week 'long: I could not ſleep in the morning, nor 'take a Nap after dinner for their jingling the 'people together to worſhip my Grand Enemy.

They

They hated our beloved, the Scarlet *Lais* of *Babylon*: They abominated our truſty Kinſman and Vicegerent *Antichriſt*, and would not ſuffer a *Panim* Prieſt to reſt within their Walls, but hang'd up all thoſe our true and faithful ſervants where ever they found 'em: And laſtly they ſheltered all the Enemies of the King of *Aſtopia* and the Palatine of *Eboracum*, who were the Grand Protectors of our Grand *Babylonian* Council *de Propaganda fide*; For theſe reaſons we put it into the hearts of the *Aſtopian* Prince and the Palatine to level it with the Earth, and now our Councels have ſucceeded, by our great River *Styx* we will be merry. Is *Troy-Novant* laid in aſhes, quo he? And with that he fell a laughing for an hour together ſo loud, that he made the Pillars of Hell Shake. And it has been ſince reported by ſeveral Ghoſts of the deceas'd that have been forc'd to return to the Earth to tell where they had hid their money, that they never ſaw ſuch feaſting in Hell in their lives. Millions of Diſhes of thirty acres in circumference of one ſort of Food heap'd up to that degree, that it was as much as a Legion of Devils could do to carry one. In ſome a Million of Black Bulls; in others as many Black Dogs; in others as many Hogs of *Geneſareth*; in others whole Mountains of the Entrails of Bar-

ren Heifers covered over with fat and oyl: In others whole Woods of Cypreſs, Ram's-horn, Daffadillies and Juniper for Sallets. What they wanted in Wine they made up in Brandy and Coffee, of which the Emperor of *Gehenna* would make nothing to drink off at a draught a Gold Beaker as big as the Tun of *Heidelbergh*. And thus they continued Revelling and Debauſhing in Hell for three years together, till hearing that the Inhabitants of *Troy-Novant* were reſolv'd to rebuild their City, and that the Grand Senate of *Albion* had ſo order'd it, that the City was like to be ten times more beautiful than ever it was, the *Sultan* of *Gehenna* fell into ſuch a violent and exceſſive rage, that he threw the Tables one way, the Diſhes another, here lay a Mountain of Green Lizards and Vipers Fricaſſeed, with a Moraſs of Sauce about it, and for above thirty thouſand Leagues in compaſs, nothing but *Babylonian* Towers of Diabolical Viands, and Navigable Lakes of Burning Brandy, prepar'd to have been quaffe off in *Snap-dragons*, had the *Triumphant Debauſh* gone on, inſomuch that Hell it ſelf ſeem'd to lye in ruines; and they were forc'd to ſend for the Great Scavinger *Hercules* to take away the Devil's leavings, and make the Roads of that part of Hell paſſable: Which was ſaid to be the laſt

laſt and moſt difficult of all his labours.

In the mean time the King of *Aſtopia* and the Palatine having gotten a draught of the City Ruins, pleaſed themſelves with the ſight of it, and were very merry upon it for eight and forty hours together. Where was it the fire firſt ſeiz'd, quo the King of *Aſtopia*? Here, quo the *Palatine*. What place was that call'd? quo the King. *Pudding Lane*, quo the *Palatine*. Pudding, that's to ſay *Boudin* in the Language of *Aſtopia*. *Hoh*, quo the King of *Aſtopia*, 'Twas the right way of well feeding to begin with the Pudding. All hereabouts, quo the Palatine, liv'd your great dealers in Pitch, Tar, Roſin, and ſuch like Combuſtible Matters, which being melted by the violence of the flames and mix'd with the Kennel water, You would have laught to ſee how the ſlaves baſted their own houſes. 'Twas yet but an Infant of a Conflagration, and therefore 'twas fit to feed it with Spoon meat.—— But what place was this, quo the King of *Aſtopia*? This houſe quo the *Palatine* belong'd to the *Eaſterling* Merchants, and was call'd the *Steelyard*. —— Excellent well, quo the King of *Aſtopia*. 'Twill ſignifie nothing when I come to be Maſter of the *Hanſe-Towns*. Here, quo the Palatine, ſtood a famous *Rheniſh-Wine* Ta-

vern, and the Flames were mad to be at the Old-Hock. They knew what was good for themſelves, for *Vin Ardant* in your Language is *Aqua vitæ* in ours. *Bon prou leur face*, quo the King of *Aſtopia*; They that won't drink when they 're a dry, let 'em die for thirſt in a Mildamm. 'Tis very true, quo the *Palatine*, and here ſtood the *Mony-changers* Street---vulgarly call'd, the Street of the *Lombards*. *A beau feu bel Argent* quo the *Aſtopian Hero*; 'Twas the true way of making *aurum Potabile*; I'de rather the Devil ſhould have money than my Subjects. — But what's written there? The *Bourſe Royal*, quo the Palatine, *Ah---parbleu* quo the King of *Aſtopia*, *Le Marchand n'eſpargne nuls*; The Marchant ſpares none; why ſhould we ſpare them? And ſo, quo the *Palatine*, the Flames ran on till they came hither to *Pye-Corner*. *Coign du Paſtè*, *Coign du Paſtè*! Quo the *Aſtopian Hector*, *Bougre de les Lourdauts de Flammes*, did they leave that bit for manners? And ſo they came along down hither and burnt *Bridewel* which *Henry* the 8th built, and here again his own Chappel. *Morgoy O Le Grand Voleur del' Eglise*, *Le grand Ennemi de noſtre* St. *Pere* quo the *Hector* of *Aſtopia*, I would have ſworn the Flames had been all Hugonots, had they ſpar'd that Hereticks Monuments. And all the way Sir, quo the *Palatine*,

Palatine, the *Thirſtie* Conflagration drank burnt Sack and Claret by whole Hoggsheads. ——*A beau feu, beau retour*, Tit for Tat, quo the *Aſtopian Monarch*; There was no reaſon ſuch a great Sty of unconverted *Chriſtians* ſhould want burnt Wine at it's Funeral. But what are all theſe Huge Gobbets remaining? Morſel's for another feſtival, quo the *Palatine*, *Ah Morbleu*, quo the King of *Aſtopia*, *Mal fait qui ne parfait*, Diſcontinuance of the Work diſhonours the Enterprize. You ſee how I make whole Countries flame before me, fire whole Provinces, & make Depopulation her ſelf march before me in a fiery Chariot. *Tout beau*, fair and ſoftly quo the *Palatine*, *Rome* was not burnt in a day. —— And yet I cannot believe that ſuch a Holocauſt of Humane Habitations was ever offer'd to any of the *Panim* Deities by any of the *Panims* before. If the Progreſs anſwer the beginning, quo the *Aſtopian Monarch*. I think the Devil grew compaſſionate, quo the Palatine, that the Progreſs was no better, I'm ſure 'twas no fault of our's; for to our knowledge all our Guards were diligently employ'd to hinder the Caitiffs from removing their goods, it being our aim that their whole Eſtates ſhould periſh in the ſame fires with their Houſes. The ſame care

was alſo taken to ſee to the diſmiſſing and diſcharging ſeveral that were taken fomenting and adding fuel to the flame. And the ſlaves were order'd to carry all they took to *Alba Regalis* and the Caſtle of *San Jacomo*, not to ſecure them, but reward them, and give them an opportunity to eſcape. If the Emperour of *Gehenna* turn'd Milk-ſop what could we help it?

Here they both brake off abruptly, not but that their diſcourſe was much longer, and their joy unſpeakable, but the Palatine was call'd off by a Meſſenger from his *Sultaneſs*, who was retir'd to her Chamber with certain of the Loyoliſts to ſing a *Black Santum* of praiſe and Thankſgiving to the Pagan Goddeſſes for ſo good and proſperous a Beginning.

Chap. 37. *How the* Palatine *and the King of* Aſtopia *purſu'd their deſign of deſtroying the* Belgians.

WHile the devouring Flames were thus reducing *Troy-Novant* to Aſhes, the Palatine had ſo contriv'd it that there was at the ſame time a new War broke out between the *Belgians* and the *Albionians*. For it was ſo order'd and complotted between the Pagan *Palatine* and the Heathen *Aſtopian*, that while

while the *Belgians* and *Albionians* were engag'd in a bloody War by Sea, that the hungry Flames ſhould banquet upon the Inland Strength and Riches of *Albion* at the ſame time that the *Aſtopian Hector* was ranſacking the Bowels of the lower *Belgium*. Which they thought the ſureſt way to ruine both the one and the other. One thing however very much troubl'd the *Palatine*, that he thought to have been *Archithalaſſus* again in this ſame ſecond War. But the *Albionians* offended at his ill and diſhonourable Conduct of the firſt war, exclaim'd againſt him and would by no means ſuffer him to go. So that the King of *Albion* was forc'd to keep him at home under the ſpecious pretence of his care not to hazard the *Fortune* of *Albion*. However to content him, he gave him full power to rule the roaſt in his Counſels at home as he pleas'd himſelf. But notwithſtanding this great Authority which was put into his Hands, the *Palatine* was not ſatisfi'd, but ſum'd and foam'd becauſe he was not made *Archithalaſſus*. For the Soldan of *Albion* had made two *Archithalaſſus*'s in his ſtead, the *Teutonic* Prince and the Devonian Knight, who were right valorous Champions, which gall'd the *Palatine* to that degree that he ſtudi'd all manner of ways to eclipſe their

Glory and render their Proweſs and Experience ineffectual. To this purpoſe he conſulted his grand Counſel of *Loyoliſts*, who adviſ'd him to divide the *Albionian* Navy, thereby to expoſe the whole to utter Ruin. For he well knew that ſuch was the magnanimous Reſolution of both the *Archithalaſſus*'s, that being both united they would certainly return with Glory and Triumph to his Eternal Infamy, but being ſeparated and overpower'd by number, they might become a prey to the Enemy, which was the only thing he wiſh'd for. To this purpoſe he goes to the famous Enchantreſs *Circe*, and Conjures her to uſe all her charms to lay the King of *Albion* in a deep Trance, which it was no difficult thing for her to do, in regard ſhe was both beautiful and fair, and greatly admir'd by the King of *Albion* : and then having the Command of all things in his own power, under pretence that his Sultaneſs long'd, he ſent away the ſtricteſt Orders imaginable to the *Teutonic Prince* to take along with him the beſt half of the *Albionian* Navy, and ſail away forthwith to the Bay of *Cantabria* to gather Spaniſh Oiſters and *Sea Fanns*. Now ſo it fell out, as if the Devil and the Oracle of *Apollo* had been in the Loyoliſts, that the *Belgians* having notice of the *Teutonice Prince*'s being

ing thus ſent of a Sleeveleſs Errand, came up with their whole Navy of a ſuddain and ſurrounded the Devonian Knight. Heaven's bleſs us! You would have thought all the whole Fabrick of the upper Regions had been tumbling about your Ears. For the *Devonian Knight*, more regarding his Honour than his ſafety, fought like a Dragon; but being over-powe'd by number, he was forc'd to make a retreating fight, leaving one of the beſt of all his great Thunderers behind him; and worſe it had been, but that the *Teutonic Prince*, being adverti's'd of the bloody Engagement, bid all the Spaniſh Periwinkles go to the Devil, and flew with all the ſail he could make to the reſcue of the *Devonian Knight*. But when the Devil and Treachery conſpire together, who the Devil can help it? For when the *Teutonic* Prince, and the Devonian Knight were joyn'd and thought to have ſcour'd off the *Belgians* the next day, *Belzebub* had ſtole away all their Powder; and before they could get more, the *Belgians* were run in among their Flats and Shallows, and there lay grinning and chattering at the *Albionians* like ſo many Monkeys after they have done a Miſchief, and know themſelves ſafe. It was reported that the Palatine by a Private Contract had lent the Powder

der long before to the Emperour of *Gehenna* to make Serpents and fire-works for joy of the Burning of *Troy-Novant*. However it were the *Palatine* and his two Sorceresses *Medea* and *Circe* bore all the blame. The *Teutonic* Knight Storm'd, the Knight of *Devonia* foam'd, and all the while the *Palatine* made grimaces at both, Which so enrag'd the *Teutonic* Knight, that had it been any other but the Fortune of *England* he had spurn'd him into the Sphear of Saturn, which is the uppermost of all the Seven.

Chap. 38. *How the Palatine set the* Albionians *and the* Belgians *a third time together by the Ears, by a Wile.*

THe Palatine now thinking he stood upon even terms in point of Honour with his two Rival *Archibalassus's*, by *Santo Martino*, and *Santo Christophoro*, quo he, I had rather be an absolute Sultan over ten Pagan, than a precarious Monarch over Millions of Christians. I will have t'other Bout with the *Belgians*, tho' I Sacrifice all the Christians in *Albion* to the *Manes* of my Great Grandam. It is decreed, nor shall thy Fate, Curst *Albion*, resist my Vow. What tho' she were a *Peterine de Venus*, a *Daughter of Joy*, and blew up one

one of her Husbands into a Tree? her Head was Diadem'd, and they ought not to have put her to Death. Now Antichriſt aſſiſt me, for I have a notable Project in my Head —— With that, Sirrah, quo the *Palatine* to a *Triton* ſtanding by him, the *Belgian* Fleet is out, and Sailing through St. *George's Sleeve*, go forthwith, take an Oyſter-boat, and three Men with every one a Snap Cane Gun in their hands; then put up a piece of an old red Petticoat upon the top of the Maſt, and Sail through the *Belgian* Fleet; if they refuſe to ſtrike to that Rag, let fly at 'em, and denounce War againſt 'em. To whom the *Triton*, Mighty *Palatine*, quo he, the *Belgians* and we are now at Peace, how ſhall I anſwer ſuch a Breach? Slave, quo the *Palatine*, I am what I am, and will be obey'd. He ſpoke with ſuch a dreadful Voice, and frown'd ſo terribly, that the *Triton* ſeeing the Hair of his Eyebrows and his Beard almoſt ready to meet, made ſuch haſte, that he broke his Noſe againſt the Door; however he ſtopt not for that; but ran bleeding down Stairs for fear of a Kick o'the Bum that ſhould have ſent him headlong to *Acheron*. Away he goes with his Oyſter-boat and his red Rag, and commanded the Belgian *Archithalaſſus* to ſtrike. At whoſe Command? quo the Grim *Belgian*. At my

Maſters,

Masters, the Palatine of *Eboracum*, quo the *Albionian Triton*. Be gone, quo the *Belgian*, or else I'le send thee and thy Wherry to the *Stygian* Lake. Not strike! quo the *Triton*; and with that he order'd his three *Phocas*'s to snap their three Cane Guns, at the Belgian *Archithalassus*. Upon which, the *Belgian* order'd one of his *Phocasses* to let down his Breeches and give the *Albionian Triton* a Tail-shot; which the *Phocas* plac'd so exactly, and sent it with that fury, that the force of the Wind had almost over-set the *Albionian Fanfan*. With that the *Triton* call'd out with a loud Voice to the Belgian *Archithalassus*, and defy'd him in the *Palatine*'s name; and so returning to the *Palatine*, told him what he had done. No more, the War's begun then, quo the *Palatine*. Some relate the Story otherwise, as how that the Palatine commenc'd a Suit upon a *Scan. Mag.* against the *Belgians* by his Attor. Gen. and having got Judgment by Default for Ten hundred thousand Millions of Pounds Damages, he order'd his C. Justiciary to give Sentence against them as Disturbers of the Peace of *Albion*, and Enemies of his Government. So that there was nothing wanting, but to take the *Belgians* in Execution, which he Swore by the Pavillion of *Mars*, he would do before a Week were over, tho' he were

were himſelf, the *Special Bailiff* And ſo away he flung to conſult his Loyoliſts what farther courſe to take.

Chap. 39. *How the Palatine purſu'd his Deſigns againſt the* Belgians.

NOw as he was debating which way to get Money to carry on this diſmal War, an Envoy came from the King of *Aſtopia* to tell him, that the *Belgian* Merchants were coming through *St. Georges Channel*, Laden with all the Riches of the *Eaſt*, which if he could but ſeize, he need never to need a Grand Senate of *Albion* more. Say ye ſo, quo the *Palatine*, by the Maſs and I'le have it then, tho' it were guarded like the *Heſperian* Orchard; and ſo he Summon'd his Council of *Loyoliſts* together, to conſult which way to manage this Affair for the beſt. Some were for ſending away to *Vulcan* immediately to make ſuch a Net as never was ſeen in the World, all of Maſſie Iron Wire, and large enough to cover all that part of the Ocean from the Iſland of *Vectis* to the *Aſtopian* ſhore; that ſo the *Belgian* Veſſels being entangled in the Net, the Pagan *Albionians* might ſeize them as they do Partridge; for that by that means being depriv'd of their Canvas

Canvas Wings, they could only flutter about, but never eſcape the hands of the *Seizers*. Body of *Cæſar*, cry'd one of the *Loyoliſts*, who the Devil ſhall throw that Net? The *Titans*, quo the *Palatine*, huge brawny-arm'd Monſters that when they are taking a Nap in the Sun, every one Covers an Acre of Ground with his Body. Nowns, cry'd another, ſuch a Net will be a Hundred years a making. No, no, quo the *Palatine*, in a Quarter of an hour. I beſeech yee, Mighty *Palatine*, crys a third, I think there's a better way than this; to ſend for the Maſſie Mountains of *Penmen*, *Maur* and *Malvern* Hills, and if theſe will not ſuffice, fetch the Peek of *Tenariffe*, with the Highlands of *Caledonia*, and ſink 'em all in the Narrow Seas, between the *Iccian* Port, in *Aſtopia*, and the City of *Durovernum* in *Albion*. Thus ſhall you ſtop the *Belgians*, that they ſhall not be able to go backward nor forward. Beſides theſe vaſt Excreſcencies of the Earth, are but diſfigurements to *Albion*, and would do better in the Sea to make a brave Bridge for the King of *Aſtopia* to come and aſſiſt yee againſt the *Grand Senate*. The *Palatine* lik'd this Project extreamly well; but then quo He, who the Devil ſhall help us at this dead lift? Morbleu, cry'd one of the *Loyoliſts*, 'tis a ſtrange thing that there ſhould not be ſo much

as one grain of Faith among all Us; for then we might remove theſe Mountains our ſelves.

But while they were labouring theſe great Machinations, in came the terrible Triton *Hamſhirothemſol*; to whom, after they had made known their Debates, by the Power of Fortune, quo he, now I think on't, Sir *Palatine*, I have a whole Marble Fountain full of *Remora*'s at home i' my Garden, which I keep tame on purpoſe, for ſuch occaſions as theſe. They are but little Fiſh 'tis true, not much bigger than *Menows*, but their vertue is ſuch, that by clinging to the ſides of a Ship, they will ſtop a Veſſel under Sail, tho' ſhe were as big as a ſmall Iſland, that ſhe ſhall not be able to go forward or backward. With theſe *Remora*'s will I ſtop the *Belgian* Merchants, and when I have once ſtopt 'em, then let me alone for the reſt. As for breaking the League, ne'r trouble your ſelf, Sir *Palatine*, I am never without a Fly-boat full of Liberty of Conſcience to ſerve a Friend.

The Palatine was right glad to hear this Propoſal of the Triton *Hamſhirothemſol*, and ſuckt it down to his heart as the only Cordial, that could relieve his all ſo bemir'd Imaginations: he applauded, commended, extoll'd the terrible *Triton*, and told him he would make him

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Archithalaſſus of *Albion*, if he made him but Maſter of the *Belgian* Treaſures. Away went the terrible *Triton* full of *Belgian* confounding thoughts; and taking along with him a ſmall handful of the *Albionian* Navy lay perdue behind a great Rock juſt in the Road where the *Belgian* Merchants were to paſs; and as ſoon as they appear'd the terrible Triton ſent his *Remora*'s among 'em. 'Tis true, the *Remora*'s put a ſtop to the *Belgian* Merchants for ſome time; and then the terrible *Triton* came up with 'em, and commanded 'em to ſurrender up their Treaſure. Not ſo faſt *Tom*, quo They; we did not purchaſe it ſo eaſily. With that the *Terrible Triton* repeated his Commands in the Thundring Language of Broadſides. Which put the *Belgians* into a great Amazement at firſt, to find their Veſſels ſtopt upon the open Sea; but at length perceiving nothing but Violence and Robbery deſign'd againſt them by thoſe with whom they ſuppos'd themſelves to have been at Peace, confirm'd by Solemn League and Triple Aſſociation, they conferr'd three Minutes with Madam Nature, and finding by her Laws there was no way but to repel force with force, invok'd the Juſtice of their Cauſe to their Aſſiſtance; and after that, beſtirring themſelves with a Courage ſuitable to their Innocency, ſo belabour'd

belabour'd the *Terrible Triton*, that they conſtrain'd him to quit his Prey before he could get enough to repair the Dammages of the Engagement. As you ſhall many times ſee a number of Crows drive a great Kite from a dead Horſe, before he has a quarter ſatisfy'd his hunger. Which made the *Terrible Triton* curſe his ill luck, and Swear that the *Palatine*'s Misfortune haunted him.

When the Palatine heard this ill News, he was quite down i'the mouth, hung his Lip, and eat up one of his Gloves for madneſs. Curs'd *Hamſhirothemſol*, quo he, had I my ſelf been there, I would have made no more to have ſwallow'd Seventy two *Belgian* Merchants than to have devour'd five freſh Herrings at a Breakfaſt. I'le be peel'd like a raw Onyon if this ſame ſlave ever pray'd to the Goddeſs of *Loretto* before he fell on. Fool that I was, had I but ſent as many *Saracens*, Heads and all, they would have brought me every one a Ship in their Mouths. Juſt at this inſtant in came *Hamſhirothemſol* himſelf, and finding the *Palatine* in ſuch a heat, Sir *Palatine*, cry'd he, I defie either you or any man living to have done more than I did—But, Sir, the *Belgians* lin'd all the Sides of their Veſſels with raw Eelskins, and ſo ſlipt out of my clutches. How! quo the *Palatine*, lin'd

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the Outſides of their Veſſels with raw Eel-skins! Yes, Sir, quo *Hamſhirothemſol*, lin'd the ſides of their Veſſels with raw Eelskins--and your *Remora's* will never touch Veſſels that are ſo lin'd--and by the Beard of *Pantagruel*, quo the Terrible *Triton*, I'le ſend him for a New years Gift to the Devil that denies this to be true.---- Patience, Noble *Triton*, quo the *Palatine*, this was more than I knew----when men ſpeak reaſon, rational men muſt believe 'em.----For, as 'tis not improbable, ſo 'tis probable, and as 'tis probable, 'tis credible; and as 'tis credible, ſo 'tis not unlikely.——Pork and Peaſe choak me Sir, quo the *Terrible Triton*, if it be n't as I tell yee, Sir.

Chap. 40. *Of the Great Preparations which the* Palatine *made to Encounter the* Belgians *a Third time.*

THe *Palatine* being thus appeas'd, went to the King of *Albion*, and told him he had begun a new War with the *Belgians*. A new War with the *Belgians!* quo the King of *Albion*, how can that be? when I have ſo lately ſtrook up a new League with the King of the *Vandals*, the King of the *Arragonians* and the *Belgians* themſelves. When *Jupiter* Swears by *Styx*, he never violates his Oath.

No

No matter for that, quo the *Palatine*, I have done that already for yee. Shame on all ill luck, quo the King of *Albion*, you will ſtill be medling with Buſineſs, and yet were never fit for it. Tell not me, Sir, what I am fit for, quo the *Palatine*, don't you know there's another Alliance between the King of *Aſtopia*, and You and Me, which you have ſeal'd more ſolemnly than ever *Jupiter* could do by Swearing by *Styx*. If it lye upon your Stomach, drink a little *Lethe*, that's the next River to *Styx*, and that will waſh it quite out of your Memory. There's a time for all things, *Palatine*, quo the *Sultan*, there's a time for all things; that's an *Arcanum* not to be diſcover'd as yet. We muſt do ſomething firſt to dazle the Eyes of the *Grand Senate*. Don't tell me of the *Grand Senate*, Sir, quo the *Palatine*, I have begun the War with the *Belgians*, and you muſt and ſhall proſecute it. Where's the Money, *Palatine*? quo the *Sultan*. Drain the Sea, Sir, quo the *Palatine*; I am told, ſaid he, the bottom of the *Ocean* is much richer than are the Bowels of the Earth. 'Tis but fiſhing there for Gold, as yee do for Ballaſt in the River of *Thameſis*, and you may bring up a whole Tun at every caſt of your Drag-net. Never was the Emperor *Nero* ſo ſure of meeting with Q. *Dido*'s

Treaſures

Treaſures that were ſaid to be hidd'n under Ground in *Africa*, as the *Palatine* was aſſur'd of finding Mountains of Gold at the Bottom of the Sea. Inſomuch that he ſent for ſeveral of the moſt wealthy Merchants of *Troy-novant*, and told 'em of his deſign, and the great Probability of it; and at the ſame time two Loyoliſts made two long Speeches upon the ſame ſubject, and ſo well convinc'd the Merchants of the Reality of the Thing, that they lent the Palatine a Hundred and fifty thouſand Pounds upon the Security of the Project; and others advanc'd large Sums for Patents to ſet forth ſo many draining Ships for their own ſhare, allowing ſuch a Profit to the Palatine as *Archithalaſſus* of *Albion*. Ah marry, Palatine, quo the *Sultan*, I like this way of Draining the Sea well; let 'em have Patents as many as will; I'le ſell 'em all the Green Wax i'my Kingdom at this rate. Now if this were true, it was one of the ſubtileſt Contrivances that ever the Palatine was guilty of in his life.

But this was not all; for he ſent to the King of *Aſtopia*, to let him underſtand that he was reſolv'd to make a general Proſecution againſt all the Chriſtians in *Albion*, and to put all the Penal Laws and Statutes of the Realm in Execution againſt them: and offer'd him the Security of the Fines, Mulcts, Eſtreat-

Eſtreatments, and Forfeitures of the Chriſtians for another large Sum of Money to be repaid with Intereſt; which the King of *Aſtopia* accepted. However it were, the Palatine got Ships from *Aſtopia*, and Ships in *Albion*, and what with the one and the other, patch'd up a moſt formidable Navy to encounter the *Belgians*; of which the Sultan of *Albion* made him a ſecond time *Archithalaſſus*, and bid him go on and proſper: Proſper! quo the *Palatine* to the *Sultan*, my life to a *Graveſend* Toaſt, we proſper this Bout. For, ſaid he, mark the Courſe of Fate. The *Phenicians* of *Carthage* tugg'd with the Ancient *Romans* in two Salt-water Wars, but in the third they were confounded & brought to ſhame. So the *Belgians* have held it againſt the *Albionians*, for theſe two laſt Wars; but let 'em ware the third.

Chap. 41. *How the Palatine went to ſeek out the* Belgians, *but found 'em not, and of his Reſolutions thereupon.*

THe War being thus declar'd, and the *Albionians* being joyn'd with the *Aſtopians*, the Tritons of both Navies mounted their ſeveral Sea-Horſes, under the Conduct of the *Palatine*, who was *Archithalaſſus* of *Albion*.

Albion. Theſe Sea-Horſes were the moſt terrible Monſters that ever were ſeen; for they had every one ten pair of grey Canvas Wings; out of their ſides gap'd a number of Mouths that ſpit Fire, and huge Gobbets of Iron inſtead of Flegm, as big as Saracen's Heads; upon their Backs. They carry'd huge Towers that would hold, ſome of 'em a thouſand men; and their Bellies were continually ſtufft with Brew'd Water, Brandy, Salt Pork, and Beef, Gun-Powder, Croſsbar-ſhot, and the Devil and all. Their Bridles were faſten'd to their Tails, which were of Wood, and ſo contriv'd, that with a ſmall Curb, conſidering the Bulk of the Sea-Horſe, you might wind him and turn him, and make him wheel about with the ſtrength of one or two *Phocaſes*, tho the Sea-Horſe were as big as fifty over grown Camels. The *Albionians* and *Aſtopians* being mounted upon theſe hugeous Sea Monſters, ſet forth and flew to the Coaſts of the Nether *Belgium*, to find out the *Belgians*, who being mounted upon other Sea Monſters of the ſame nature, but no leſs terrible, whether out of Fear or Policy kept themſelves cloſe and would not be ſeen. Whereupon the *Palatine* Tranſported with his wonted Bravery and Courage, Aſcending the Steeple of the Tower which his own Sea-Horſe carried on his Back

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by means of a long Ladder of Ropes, and ſeting a *Stentorian* Trumpet to his Mouth, call'd out to the *Belgians* in a moſt Terrible and Aſtoniſhing Tone, *Hounsfoots*, *Skellums*, *Scoundrels*, Bougre diables, *Cowards*, *Daſtards*, *Lourdants*, *Lourdens*, *Marrouſles*, *Butter-boxes*, hoy there —— come forth with a vengeance, come out with a Wannion, appear and be pox'd. —— Hoy there —— d' ye think I ha' nothing elſe to do but to wait your leiſure? — hoy there. — Come out Varlets, Slaves, come out *Canaille* of the World —— come and receive your Doom from my Victorious hand —— or elſe Yield, Submit, Surrender and acknowledge that I am the renowned *Palatine* of *Eboracum* that has now twice Overcome, Vanquiſh'd, Subdu'd, Beaten and Triumph'd over the White-liver'd, Faint-hearted, Lazy, Lozelly, *Belgians*.

The Palatine breath'd forth theſe defiances with ſuch a Sonorous, Thundring, Amazing, Stupifying utterance, that the very Ocean trembl'd for above twelve Leagues round, and opening her Bowels for fear ſwallow'd up ſeveral Flats and Banks of Sand, which till then well known were never ſeen afterwards.

But the *Belgians* had more wit than to attack a Raging Lyon in his fury, ſo that they let

let the Palatine alone to ſpend his fury without anſwering a tittle? They would not ſo much as vouchſafe him a T—— in his Teeth, but kept themſelves huſht and quiet, well knowing the *Palatine* could do 'em no harm, and that oft-times it happen'd according to the Proverb, *Many People Threaten, that come to be well beaten.* Let him vapour quo they, we'l fight when we ſee occaſion. Which the *Palatine* perceiving, came down again as he went up, & calling his *Tritons* about him, Noble *Triton's*, quo he, the day's our own. We have dar'd 'em to their Teeths, we have braved them to their Noſes, and yet the Son's of Fear and Trepidation will not Stir. 'Tis a rule in fighting that if a man be challeng'd and refuſes to fight, he's a daſtard and owns himſelf beaten. Were they not afraid of us, they would come out; but they are afraid of us, and therefore they keep in. *Veni, vidi, vici.* 'Tis a plain caſe---- Conqueſt waits upon us, and triumph attends us------ And having ſo ſaid, he ſent away to all the points of the compaſs to each a particular Herald, beſides a dozen Mercuries with winged heels to the City of *Troy-Novant* to carry the News of the Great Victory which he had obtain'd over the *Belgians.* Preſently the Sea Horſes fell a bellowing, the *Triton's* fell a drinking, and

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the *Phocas*'s expreſs'd their joy in Snap-Dragons. But when the Tydings arriv'd at *Troy-Novant*, you would have thought the City had been all of a Blaze; Men of fourſcore might have read a Doctor of Phyſick's Bill without Spectacles by the Light of the Bonfires; The Bells rung, the rabble ſhouted, and there was ſuch a confuſion of noiſes, that ſeveral new bury'd people ſtarted up out of their Coffin's to know what was the matter they could not ſleep quietly i' their Graves. But the main thing of all was, that the next day the Nine *Muſes* all in White Veſtments and their hair diſhevell'd, and adorn'd with Garlands of Flowers of various ſorts, attended by a Legion of Poets and Rhimers went to *Alba Regalis*, with whole Cartloads of Panegyricks and Encomiums of the Palatines valour and conduct. In confirmation of which the Seer *Hindus & Pantherus* wrote a large Poem of the reality of *Nonentities* and *Chimeras*.

Chap. 42. *Of the great perplexity the Palatine was in.*

BUT notwithſtanding all this boaſting, Ranting and Triumphing, the *Palatine* was very much perplexed and tormented in mind, for fear leſt the *Belgians* ſhould come out after theſe *Rodomantades*, and thraſh him as they did before: Which would have been ſuch a *Hare-lip* in his Reputation that all the *State-ſurgery* in the World would never be able to ſow up again. While he was in this *Dilemma*, he fell a ſleep, and as all the ancient *Hero*'s were directed in dreams what to do in a caſe of neceſſity, ſo did the Emperor of *Gebenna* ſend the Spirit *Oniar* to inſtruct his good Friend and Ally the Palatine; Who having dreamt a ſtrange dream, accordingly reſolved forthwith to put his dream in execution. To this purpoſe he ſent for two Monſtrous *Saracens*, which he entertain'd among others for emergent occaſions. Monſters indeed, for they were ſo tall, that they were not above Arm-hole high in the water, wading in the deepeſt part of the Sea: They had two Eyes in the uſual places, and a third in the middle of their foreheads, all as big as whole Cannon Bullets: and they had ſix Arms and four Legs apiece, with ſeven Fingers and ſeven Toes upon each Hand and Foot: and they had a peculiar Quality, that they could ſtoop, and walk and breathe under water for five hours together. To theſe Monſtrous *Saracens*, 'Truſty *Saracens*, quo the *Palatine*, go 'find out the *Belgian* Sea-horſes, and bore wide 'holes in their bellies, that the water may ruſh in, 'and ſink 'em to the bottom of the Ocean. Spare 'not one, I charge yee, but ſerve all alike, and for 'the reward of your accompliſh'd work, expect two 'Tuns of *Caſtillian* Gold.

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The *Saracens* thus encourag'd, got thirty vaſt *Augurs* apiece, ten yards in circumference at the boaring place, which they hung at their backs, and ſo went wading through the Sea in proſecution of the Palatines diſmal deſign. But the Silver-ſlipper'd *Thaumantis*, having over-heard the terrible Inſtructions given by the Palatine to the *Saracens*, flew preſently to the *Belgians*, and gave them full Information of the miſchief that was intended againſt them. The Tidings of this contrivance ſet all the *Belgians* upon the watch, and as they were forewarn'd, ſo they made all the haſte imaginable to be fore-arm'd; and they lookt out ſo ſharp, that at length by the heaving of the Sea, and the foaming of the forc'd Waves, they perceiv'd where the *Saracens* were coming along. Preſently they threw out their Whale-hooks, and Grapling-Irons faſten'd to the end of great Cables, ſome of which ſo luckily ſtuck in the Ribs of one of the *Saracens*, that they (pull'd him up by the help of their Capſtalls and other maſſie Engines, roaring and bellowing like all the Bulls of *Baſan* in a Herd at once, and ſo they dragg'd him to the ſhore, and over-maſter'd by number, laid him upon the dry Sand, ſtretched out like *Leviathan* himſelf, at his full length of threeſcore yards, and thirty yards in breadth. The firſt thing they did, they put out his three Eyes with burning firebrands, through the torments of which (for notwithſtanding his Bulk, he was but Cow-hearted) they forc'd him to confeſs the whole deſign, and who ſet him at work. Which done, they ſlit the *Continuum* of his Windpipe, which was Mortar-piece bore, and having ſlead off his Skin five Inches thick, and cover'd all over with Scales, and pull'd out his heart, as big as a great Oyl-Jarr, they bury'd the *Promethean* car-

kaſs in the Sands. In his heart were diſcover'd all the marks of Cruelty and Barbariſm; for it was hairy, and as hard as *Adamant*. Both the skin and the heart were ſold by the *Belgians* to the *Loyoliſts*, who purchas'd them with a great ſum of money, and ſent them to New *Babylon*, where they are kept very choicely as the Relicks of a Martyr that ſuffer'd for the Pagan Cauſe.

As for the other *Saracen*, what became of him, no body knows, neither is it a matter of any importance to make any farther enquiry after him. But this we have to ſay, that when the Palatine heard the News of this Diſaſter, and the ill ſucceſs of his Project, he lay roaring three days and nights together, like the King of *Paleſtine* for the loſs of his Child, and would neither eat nor drink in all that time.

Chap. 43. *Of ſomething worth your Hearing.*

NOW when the *Palatine* had thus miſcarri'd in a Barbarous and unprincely Project, which he thought could never have fail'd, he whiſtled all his Sea-horſes together, and returning back to the Coaſt of *Albion*, he ſhut them up in a wide Water-ſtable, or Gulph of the Sea, call'd the Gulph of *Dolthuſo*, and barricado'd 'em up with an inviſible Chain of daring boldneſs to vain-glorious preſumption, a mile in circumference, and thirty Leagues in length, which reach'd from one end of the Bay to the other. Now having, as he thought, thus ſecur'd all his Sea-horſes from all aſſaults of the *Belgians*, he went himſelf aſhore, attended by the greateſt number of his *Tritons*. For you muſt know, that after the ill ſucceſs of the *Saracens*, the Palatine had conceiv'd another deſign in his head, and by the terrible pains which

which he felt in his ſcull, he was of opinion that his time of Delivery was by. To ſupply therefore the want of *Jupiter*'s Midwife, (for there was not one among all his *Tritons* or *Phocas*'s that knew how to cleave a ſcull, and cloſe it together again) the *Palatine* ſent for a Son of *Eſculapius* to open his ſcull with a Trepan: Who had no ſooner made a hole on both ſides the *Coronal Suture* about the breadth of an *Aſtopian* Crown piece, (which the Artiſt was above two hours a-doing, for the Palatines ſcull was very hard and thick) but out leap'd an Embrio of a Project in the nature of a Bears Cub, without form or ſhape; which the *Palatine* therefore undertook to lick into Lineaments. But when he had lickt it, till his Tongue was almoſt as dry as the out-ſide of a *Weſtphalie-Ham*, he could never lick it to ſuch a perfection, but that it ſtill retain'd a hideous Monſtroſity. For as the Annals of thoſe times report, it was to have delv'd under the Sea till he came to the Shore of the lower *Belgium*, and ſo to have undermin'd all the Country as far as *Ultrajectum* one way, to the ſtrong Town of *Obtricum* another way, in order to the blowing up of all the Confederated *Belgium*, Towns, Cities, Families, Men, Women, Virgins, Children, Cattel and all. To this purpoſe he ſent for *Gog* and *Magog*, and made him his chief Engineer and Overſeer of his Works, who brought along with him a Legion of *Peruvian* Miners accuſtom'd to delve under the Earth, in ſearch of the great God of the World *Aurum*. To which, the *Palatine* having joyn'd his own *Phocas*'s, they had proceeded ſo far, that in ten days they were got within forty Fathom of the Foundations of the Northern Hemiſphere.

Chap. 44. *How the* Palatine *was ſurpriz'd by the* Belgians, *and how he ſacrific'd his Vice-Archithalaſſus, the Knights of the Pointed Mount to his Deſpair.*

BUT while the *Palatine* was thus buſily employ'd, and lay with all his Sea-horſes, unbridl'd, unſaddl'd, at rack and manger, ſecure and careleſs of any thing elſe, but of carrying on the Great work which he had begun, the *Belgians* having ſome inkling of his deſign, and being inform'd by their Scouts in what Poſture the Palatine lay, and how the *Tritons* were all aſhore, ſome careſſing their fair *Clytemneſtra*'s, others carouſing the Confuſion of the Chriſtians, and lambaſting the unexpected *Belgians* in their Cups, the ſedulous and wary *Belgians* reſolv'd to lay hold of the opportunity. To which purpoſe they nointed the hoofs of all their Sea-horſes, with equal parts of the Oils of *Silentium* and *Celeritas*, and ſo ſetting forth betimes in the morning, by the means of a large Curtain which the Silver-ſlipper'd *Iris* drew before them, made of the ſame ſtuff as her own Garments; only that it was not of ſo many colours, nor embroder'd with the Sun-beams, they fell undiſcover'd upon the *Albionians*, before they perceiv'd that any Enemy was near them. And it is verily thought that the *Belgians* had then deſtroy'd all the *Albionian* Sea-horſes, but for the terrible reſiſtance which ſome few of the *Albionian Tritons* made, that lay without the Entrance into the Gulph, as Out-guards to the reſt. Preſently the *Sea-horſes* fell a roaring and bellowing, and ſpouting fire at one another, as if ſo many *Bellerophon*'s had been fighting ſo many *Chimera*'s, which were Monſters that breathed nothing but fire, and would undo a hundred rich Farmers in the twinckling of an Eye, by deſtroying all their ſtocks upon

upon the ground. Immediately the reſt of the *Tritons* took the Alarm, and ſent to the *Palatine* to know what they ſhould do; but he was ſo deeply engag'd in the Military game of *Draughts*, with the chiefeſt of his Minions, *Miſodemus*, *Patraloias*, *Philotyrannus*, *Cacaſlexipolis*, *Cacodæmon*, *Ocnos*, *Hamotes*, and ſeveral others of the ſame gang, that he made them little or no anſwer. For he was ſo wrapt up with aſſurance of the ſucceſs of his new Project to deſtroy the *Belgians*, by blowing up their Country, that he lookt upon himſelf as already Lord of the Earth; and as for his own *Albionians*, he as mortally hated them as the *Belgians*. But being preſs'd by Meſſengers upon Meſſengers that were ſent to him to haſten Relief, Bold Slaves, quo the *Palatine*, what means this ſawcy Intruſion upon my Privacies? How many *Tritons* are there that make oppoſition? Not above ſix or ſeven, quo the Meſſengers. Enow in all Conſcience, reply'd the *Palatine*, with a ſurly frown, to fight the cowardly *Belgians*. Were I there my ſelf, I'd beat the Scoundrils with half the number. But when I challeng'd them, they would not come out to me; and now they are come to me, I ſcorn to go out to them.

Spoke like your ſelf, far dreaded *Palatine*, cry'd one of his *Hibernian Argonauts*, by name *Pamponeros*; and at the ſame time lifting to his Noſe a whole *Punch-bowl* of Lotos-berry Brandy, began a health to the Perdition of the *Belgians*; which the *Palatine* pledging, fell into ſuch a ſoporiferous *Trance*, that he became altogether inſenſible of the great Truſt which the *Albionians* had repos'd in him. For ſuch is the nature of the *Lotos* fruit, that whoever drinks the Liquor where it is infus'd, preſently forgets his Native Country. Others ſay, that he was enchanted by the terrible Necromancer *Prodotes*,

who had a great *Aſcendant* over the Palatine in every thing, but where the *Aſtopian* King was concern'd, and being moreover a deſperate Enemy of the *Albionians*, he ſo contriv'd it with the great Wind-broaker *Eolus*, that there was no Wind to be had for love or money to favour the *Albionians*; ſo that ſuch *Tritons* as were willing to help their fellows, could not: And as for the *Aſtopians*, they lay by with their Sails furl'd, their *Archithalaſſus* declaring that he had ſtrict command from his Univerſal Monarch not to hazard the leaſt Rib of any of the Sea-Monſters under his Conduct, without leave of the *Demons* and Goddeſſes to whom they were particularly conſecrated; for then 'twas to be expected, the Semideities would take care of their own Goods; otherwiſe it would be unſafe for the *Aſtopian* Monarch to venture at his own peril againſt the Will of unconſulted Heaven. Beſides tho' 'twere the Cuſtom in *Aſtopia* for the Seconds as well as the Principals, to fight by Land, yet by Sea the *Aſtopians* never fought as Seconds, but only lookt on at a diſtance out of harms way: their buſineſs being only to make a ſhow, and to learn by other mens harms to be wary themſelves.

All this while, tho' the Sea-Monſters on both ſides roar'd, bellow'd and diſgorg'd Fire and Flames at one another like the furnaces of *Ætna*, the Palatine ſat no more concerned or in any martial paſſion, than if the *Tritons* had been only pelting each other with *Pruen-Stones*, till *Gog* and *Magog* coming to him with all his Crew at his Heels, and telling him he had ſapp'd three Leagues under the Sea, but could go no farther, in regard he had met with the Maſſy impenetrable Adamantine Rock to which the Poles of the World were faſten'd, which put the *Palatine* into ſuch a Rage, that he flung a full Punch-bowl of Brandy

Brandy-wine at *Gog* and *Magog's* Head, and curs'd *Belzebub* for putting him upon the beſt Project in the World, and leaving him in the lurch: Nor would any thing atone his fury, till word was brought him, that the Vice-*Archithalaſſus*, otherwiſe call'd the Knight of the *pointed Mountain* was drowned, for want of timely aid, in the *Ocean*, and that the *Princely Facomo*, one of the beſt Sea-Monſters the Albionians had, after *ſhe* had laid about her like an Hoſt of *Amazons*, and with her brazen Heels and Iron jaws had kickt two *Belgian Incendiary Towers*, to the bottom of the Sea, and had rent and torn and mangl'd ſeveral others of the *Belgian Pegaſus's*, that they were no longer able to endure the rowling of the Waves, was at length for want of due Succor ſacrificed to *Neptune*, by a daring *Belgian* Incendiary; and that ſeveral others of the braveſt and ſtouteſt of the *Albionian Tritons* were devoured by the *Belgian* Sea-Monſters; as being overpowr'd by number, and chooſing rather to ſacrifice their Lives to the Honour of their Country, and to ſurvive in after ages the Monuments of their deſerted Valour, than to ſurrendur themſelves a Prey to their Inſulting Enemies.

At this the *Palatine*, while the *Necromancer Prodotes* ſtood ſnickering at his Elbow, began to rowſe himſelf; and are they gone? quoth he; is the *Knight* of the *pointed Mountain* ſuffocated in the Briny Ocean? And are ſo many of my *Tritons* devoured by the *Belgian* Sea-Monſters? Let 'em go ---- what ſaid our Royal *Beaupere*, of bleſſed memory; I truſt I have within my Realm five hundred as good as they ---- When the ancient Gods were anger'd by the Diſgraces and Affronts of Inferiour Mortals it was uſual to atone their Indignation by ſacrifices the moſt acceptable: And ſome would not be cor-

tented without Humane Victims: Witneſs *Iphigenia*, a Damſel worth a hundred *Tritons* ſuch as I have loſt; yet *Agamemnon* would have her dragg'd to the Altar. And am not I as great as *Agamemnon*? Poor creatures! they fought blindfold, not underſtanding the myſterious depth of my deſign in this ſame *Belgian* War, to waſte the wealth and valour of the Rebellious *Albionians*. The curſe of Antichriſt light upon the lazy *Gog and Magog* for ſtopping thus at an Adamantin Rock. Had I been in his room, and furniſh'd with his brawny Arms, I would have delv'd up the foundations of the Earth, to have undermin'd all *Belgium*. And now my honour'd *Argonauts*, to ſhew what I can do; I'le make the beſt of what has happen'd in ſpite of all the world.

Chap. 45. *How the Palatine wreſted the Victory out of the* Belgians *hands, and of the Great Bon-fire he made for joy.*

THus ſpoke the Palatine, and having ſo ſaid, he ſent to enquire what was become of the *Belgians*? To which it was anſwered that they were gone away with Victory and the honour of the day. Are they gone quo the Palatine, by the Teſticles of *Pegaſus* I'le after 'em. With that he order'd the *Necromancer Prodotes* to untye his bag, and let looſe all the favourable Fluſter-bluſterers & preſently muſtering all his Sea-Horſes together, except ſuch as were ſo terribly wounded and diſabled that they could not ſtir, immediately purſu'd the *Belgian's* with Wings diſplay'd, and all the *Titans* with every one a pair of Maſſy-bellows blowing Wind in the Tails of his Sea-horſes. But as their good fortune would have it, before the *Palatine* could get to the Coaſts of *Belgium*, the *Belgian's* dreading the fury of his purſuit, had lockt them-

Chap. 46. *Of the Noiſe which the Palatines great Atchievements made in the far diſtant Regions of the world, and the various Effects of it.*

BY the Light and Blaze of this great Bonfire, Fame flew through all the world from Region to Region as ſwift as Wildfire, which is fifteen hundred Leagues in half an hour. She made a ſhort ſtop in *Ethiopia*, at *Preſter John*'s Country, where ſhe told a long ſtory to Queen *Candaces*, and thence fetching a Tour about the Southern Hemiſphere, came to the Great Moguls Court, and then paſs'd on to the Emperour of *China*, ſo to the Tartars, and the lately diſcover'd Common-wealth of *Heliopolis*, in her return homeward taking *Perſia*, *Mingrelia* and *Ruſſia* in her way. It is not to be credited how thoſe far diſtant Monarchs were aſtoniſh'd, and what a Pannick dread ſeiz'd upon their ſpirits to hear of the wonderful Atchievements perform'd by the Palatine, while every one thought him in the bowels of his Dominions already. The great *Mogull*, admoniſh'd and terrifi'd by the Fate of his Predeceſſor *Porus*, dreaded the coming of another *Alexander*, and looking upon his vaſt Empire as already loſt, tho' of a black, ſun-burnt complexion, turn'd as white and as pale as a piece of new fine Holland. The Emperour of *China* had newly drank his mornings-draught, and breakfaſted juſt as the news came, at what time the apprehenſion of the danger he was in, caſt him into ſuch a cold ſweat, that he brought up all again. And as for the great *Can* of *Tartary*, he was in ſuch a lamentable pickle, that you might have ſmelt him above ten German Leagues.

But as for the Female Sex, the Phyſick of the Palatine's glorious Actions wrought quite after another

ther manner: For as there is nothing works ſo much upon the Minds and Fancies of the High-born Women as Valour, and the Honour of having ſome renowned Champion fetter'd in the Chains of their Golden Curls *Candace* found her ſelf ſo ſmitten with the charms of the *Palatines* Renown, that burning Love had almoſt conſum'd her bowels, ſo that ſhe loſt the uſe of her Teeth for ſix months together. At length ſhe prevail'd with her next neighbour the Great Emperour of *Morocco*, to ſend a ſplendid Embaſſie to the Palatine, with offer of all her large Dominions, if he would but vouchſafe to accept of her and them together, promiſing withal to admit the Loyoliſts into her Country, tho' mortally hated by her Subjects, if he would but condeſcend to her Propoſals. The *Palatine* receiv'd the Embaſſadors with all the demonſtrations of Civility imaginable, and with all the expreſſions of a Courtier acknowledged the Honour which the Queen of *Ethiopia* had done him; but told them withal, that his buſineſs lay at this end of the world, to root out a Northern Hereſie, which he fear'd would coſt him the whole time of his life to accompliſh. With which Anſwer the Embaſſadors returning, the diſconſolate *Candace* threw her ſelf into a huge Funeral Pile, and ended her days like *Queen Dido*.

The next that was ready to hang her ſelf in her own Garters, was the Siſter of the Mighty *Aurang Zeeb*; and ſhe lay night and day at her Brother, that ſhe might be chain'd to a Rock like *Andromeda*, and expos'd to the fury of ſome Sea-Monſter: For ſurely then, thought ſhe, this valorous Champion will flie to my Reſcue, and then I ſhall have an opportunity to tell him my mind. With that ſhe ſent him a Diamond as big as an Elephants Head, and a Letter in the Indian Character. But by what miſ-

chance

chance is not known, the Diamond miſcarried, and as for the Letter, 'twas Heathen Greek to the Palatine, for he could not read a word in it; ſo that if the Princeſs's Brother were ſo fond as to humour her, 'tis impoſſible but that ſhe muſt have paid for her longing, long before this.

The Princeſs of *China* was more politick; for ſhe deſpairing that the Palatine, being ſo great a Prince as he was, would travel to *China* for a Wife, thought it her duty rather to attend upon him her ſelf: So ſhe got leave of the *Sun* to ride in his Coach-box, and came to *Albion incognito*: But when *Phaeton* had ſet her down in the Weſt of *Albion*, near the *Mount* of the *Arch-Angel*, ſhe heard the doleful news that the Palatine was marry'd above two months before; and how ſhe got back again, there's no body ever could tell.

Chap. 47. *How the Palatine marry'd the moſt Beautiful* Meſſalina *Princeſs of* Demonia *upon the River* Eridanus, *with whom he had a Golden Mountain, and* Phaetons *Reliques for her Portion.*

IN the midſt of all theſe deſign'd Addreſſes of the greateſt Princeſſes in the world, the *Palatine* having refus'd the Courtſhip and Careſſes of the One, and the reſt not rightly underſtanding which way to make their Addreſſes, the Princeſs of *Demonia* got ſtart of them all: for having the Advantage of ſending the *Palatine* her Picture, ſhe ſo inflam'd him with the ſight of her Divine Beauty, that had any of the Pagan Goddeſſes, *Mary* of *Egypt*, the bleſſed *Cecilia*, or the Queen of Heavens Maid of Honour Madam *Agatha*, made love to him in a dream from Heaven, he would not have exchang'd the Carnal Embraces of the Princeſs *Meſſalina* for their Celeſtial

ſtial Careſſes. Beſides that, ſhe was nearly alli'd to the Holy Pontiff of Spiritual *Babylon*, to whom the *Palatine* was endeared by many ties of Religion, and other Sacred Obligations of Duty and Affection. She was as black as a Raven's wing, yet fair as the Wife of *Menelaus*: Her Breaſts were like the Pillars of *Jupiter*: Her Cherry Lips dropt nothing but Manna of *Campania*, and her Breath more odoriferous than Balm of *Gilead*: Her Noſe was like the *Pharos* of *Egypt*: Her Belly like *Adonis*'s Bed of Roſes, and her Thighs like the Pillars of the Gates, of which St. *Peter* keeps the Keys. As ſhe paſt through *Aſtopia*, the great Monarch of that Empire, in deference to the Palatine met her; and beholding her Angelick Perfections, wiſht himſelf the High Prieſt of *Calecutt*, who by the Religion of that Country has the priviledge to be the King's Taſter.

At the ſame time, as a Teſtimonial of the ſtrict and indelible Amity that was between the *Palatine* himſelf, and to demonſtrate what a high value and veneration he had for her incomparable Vertue and Beauty, ſurpaſſing (in his Fancy) the *Shulamite* ſo loudly ex-tolled by the King of the *Hebrews* he preſented her with a Mountain all of maſſy Gold, which had been preſented to his great Grandfather *Grangouſier*, by the *Iberian* King, a German Mile in circumference, and an *Albion* League high, carry'd by ten thouſand *Chrim Tartars*, fifteen foot tall, not miſſing a quarter of an Inch one of Ther. Which Mountain ſerv'd her inſtead of a three, to keep not only her, but her Chariot from to tr n as ſhe travelled upon the Road. Which Such in the *Tartars* carry'd upon Pillars of Wood, had ford Mayor's Pageant, to the Sea: But there ſuppli Ships big enough to tranſport it, they made we ſhatous *Arbaliſta* in imitation of the old Roman

man Engine, with which they were wont to ſling prodigious Stones into beſieged Cities, and of which the great *Ptolomy Poliorketes* was the Inventor; by the help of which Engine the *Tartars* firſt ſlung the Mountain croſs the Ocean from *Aſtopia* into *Albion*, and then ſlung themſelves after it. And ſo taking it up again in *Albion*, carry'd it to *Troynovant*, where the *Palatine* melted it down and coyn'd it into mony to defray the Expences of the Famous *Opera* of *Catiline's Conſpiracy*.

And as ſhe had all theſe Perfections to recommend her outward form, the Endowments of her Mind were much more amiable; for ſweetneſs of diſpoſition ſurpaſſing *Inno*; for Chaſtity, far excelling the Mother of the Gods, only that ſhe had one fault, that now and then ſhe would take up a Stone with her Ear. For haughty Pride of Mind, ſhe went far beyond *Niobe*: And ſhe had one peculiar faculty, that ſhe could as well have hatch'd Children, as the *Egyptians* do Chickens in an Oven, as bear 'em in her Womb.

No wonder then, that the *Palatine*, raviſh'd with all theſe advantages both of her Body and Soul, bought her by his Embaſſadors and Proxies with all the diligence and ſedulity imaginable, and ventur'd all his future happineſs both in this and the world to come, to obtain ſo ineſtimable a Jewel. He ſpar'd for no coſt, but preſented her with all the Rarities that the Earth could afford, or his Treaſury purchaſe. Among the reſt, he ſent her an old Smock-[illegible]on old in years, but which the Queen of Heaven, [illegible]Phidam *Di Loretto*, had never worn but once in her [illegible]t to the *Sudarium*, with the Picture of her Son [illegible]as they from the Life in ſweat, and the Box of Oin[illegible]*Drapers*- which *Venus* gave *Phaon* the Ferry-man, who [illegible]ad been ported her from *Sicily* into *Italy*; for the P[illegible]Now the Palatine

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vation of her Beauty; which ſo won her heart, that ſhe could not deny him.

When ſhe arriv'd in *Albion*, he met her with a glorious train of all the *Marine Deities*, both Male and Female, and as a new mark of the great veneration he had for her, recommended to her *Peleus* for her Gentleman Uſher, and *Thetis* to be the Mother of her Maids.

At the Ceremony of the Marriage, the *Pontiff* of *Babylon* gave her by his Proxy *Panurgus*, the great Emperor of *Dinblonia* held up her Train, and *Alecto* and *Tiſiphone* were her two Bride-Maids.

Her Gown was made all of ſmall Rings of Gold, the void ſpaces of which were fill'd up with Diamonds and Rubies; the workmanſhip of an *Hebrew* lineally deſcended from the famous Artiſt that made the Covering of the Jewiſh Ark.

The Sheets that ſhe lay in the firſt night, were of the pureſt Calicutt that *Oriental India* afforded, printed on both ſides with Epithalamiums, Motto's and Ciphers, ſent her from the two Luminaries of *Albion*, *Oxenfordia*, and *Cantabrigia*, and procur'd by the care and induſtry of the Seer *Obadiah Walkero*. And the Curtains of her Bed were embroider'd with the *Lutetian Maſſacre*, and the Amours of *Alexander* the VIIth. and *Donna Olympia*, by the Great great Grand-daughter of the Great great Grand-daughters Daughters Daughter of *Dorcas* that made Childrens Coats in the Infancy of the Primitive Church. The Palatine admir'd, worſhip'd, ador'd her, and three times a week laid his neck at her feet for her to trample upon, with this Motto, *Super Aſpidem*, &c. Such was the high eſteem and reverence which he had for her: for knowing his defect one way, he ſuppli'd it in a reſpect and obedience. But in regard we ſhall have farther occaſion to mention this great Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs of the great Maſter of this Northern part of the world, we ſhall ſay no more of her at preſent.

Chap. 48. *How the Palatine, the more to ingratiate himſelf with his new marry'd Princeſs, rais'd the numerous Band of the* Oriflambs *of* Troynovant, *and how he encountred and overthrew the whole Army of the* Chinabeefians, Coſtardi, *and* Venſonpaſtiggians, *three great Nations in perpetual Enmity with the Albionians, upon the Plains of* Drappers-hallia.

THE *Palatine* was ſo overjoy'd with his Mountain of Gold, and ſo raviſh'd with the extraordinary Accompliſhments of the Princeſs of *Demonia*, that he made it his ſtudy to rivet himſelf into her favour and affection, and ſought all opportunities to continue the high opinion ſhe had of his Valour and Conduct, and of his being one of the greateſt Champions in the World. Nor was it long before Fortune, whoſe Darling and Minion he was, preſented him with one for a New-years Gift. For the *Chinabeefians*, the *Coſtardi*, and the *Venſonpaſtiggians*, a wild and ſavage ſort of People, with whom the *Albionians* had been at continual Wars for ſome hundreds of years, but could never ſo ſubdue them, but that they recruited again in ſpite of their teeths, being ſtill aſſiſted by the *Crembollians* and *Henegghians*, believing that now was their time to recover their Liberty, if they could but ſtrike a Terrour into the *Albionians* by overcoming the Palatine upon whom the *Albionians* depended, as the Antient Philiſtines did upon their Champions of *Gath*, ſent to the Palatine, more fool-hardy than prudent, as they were, to meet 'em fairly in the Plains of *Drapers-hallia*, there to determine the feud which had been ſo long between them and the *Albionians*. Now the Palatine

Palatine deeming it but rational to conſider the Policies of theſe three Nations before he took the field, found that the *Chinabeefians* were a barbarous ſort of People, that when they were worſted, preſently retreated behind the moſt formidable *Paliſado's* imaginable, which they made of the bones of the Sacrifices which they offer'd to their great Idol *Gaſter*; from whence it was impoſſible to force them without a long Siege, and great loſs of Men. That the *Venſompaſtiggians*, upon a Rout, hid themſelves under ſpacious Caves, contriv'd with great Art, and cover'd over with a Cement made of the duſt of the fruit of the Herb *Triticum*, mixt with Eggs and a certain Unguent which the Antients call'd *Butyrum*, which render'd thoſe Fortifications as ſtrong as the Walls of *Coventria*, which no Mattocks nor Pickaxes could enter, till they were undermin'd and blown up with *Stygian* Gunpowder. And then for the *Cuſtardi*, they were like the wild *Hibernians*; if they were vanquiſht, they retir'd into their Boggs, ſo that there was no way to deſtroy 'em, but by devouring them and their Walls, and ſwallowing *Boggs* and all.

The Palatine having well conſider'd all theſe things, caus'd great Levies of Pioneers to be made amongſt the *Bonſtomachians* and the *Gaſterians*, and order'd them to be extraordinarily furniſh'd with all the Utenſils and Inſtruments for Mining and Sapping, as Spades, Shovels, Pickaxes, Mattocks, and long Spoons, ſuch as *Magog* was wont to uſe when he eat with the Devil.

More eſpecially he order'd them to furniſh themſelves with ſhort broad Knives, with Buckshorn Handles, for the more faſter holding, to cut their way through all oppoſition.

Which done he rais'd the whole Force of the *Tyrian-*

Tyrian-Fetherians, all approved Champions, and well exercis'd in Arms; and now both Armies being met in the ſpacious Plains of *Drapperſhallia*, the *Chinabeefians*, *Venſonpaſtiggians* and *Coſtardi* drew up in three Bodies. The *Chinabeefians* had the Vanguard, the *Venſonpaſtiggians* the Main Battel, and the *Coſtardi* the Rearguard. The *Tyrian-Fetherians* on the other ſide being rang'd by the *Palatine*, with all the skill and foreſight of a prudent Captain. The Palatine made them a ſhort Harangue, wherein he gave them to underſtand, 'That they were not now to 'fight for their Religion, their Eſtates, and their 'Wives and Children, but for what was dearer than 'all theſe, their own moſt precious Lives. For what 'ſignified Religion, Eſtates, Wives & Children, if they 'had not life to enjoy them? And therefore he be-'ſought them for his own and their Honour, to be-'have themſelves with a Courage equal to that of the 'Maccabees, and by the ſucceſs of that day, to ſup-'port the high opinion which all the world had of 'their Valour.

The Palatine having thus ſaid, in ſhort, the Battel began with an unparallel'd heat and fury, by reaſon of the ſtout Reſiſtance which the *Chinabeefians* for a long time made; inſomuch that Victory hover'd over the Palatine with a pale and dubious Aſpect, till at length, by the undaunted Bravery of the *Tyrian-Fetherians* the *Chinabeefians* were forc'd within their Paliſadoe's: at what time the Reſerve of *Footbuoyonians* coming in made ſuch an univerſal havock of all the Enemies Vanguard, that there was not ſo much as one *Chinabeefian* left to carry the tydings of this diſmal loſs to their Wives and Children.

The *Venſonpaſtiggians* held out for ſome longer time, but the *Tyrian-Fetherians*, otherwiſe call'd the

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Oriflambs of *Troynovant*, being refresh'd with whole Bowls of *Bacchus's Liquor*, dug up and enter'd their Caves, with that resolution, notwithstanding the stifling smoak proceeding from the Trains of Oriental *India* Powder, which the *Vensonpastiggians* had laid to secure themselves, and the *Longingweemonians*, a sort of *Amazons* in *Troynovant*, at deadly feud with the *Vansonpastiggians*, coming in to their Assistance, and carrying away great pieces of the sides, and whole corners of the walls of their Fortifications, the *Vensonpastiggians* were left naked to the fury of their Enemies, and all destroy'd every Mothers Son.

Which the *Costardi* seeing, would fain have made their escapes, but being surrounded on every side, they were forc'd to run the same Fate with their Confederates. So that the Victory to his immortal Renown remain'd entire to the Palatine.

The Fame of this Victory soon spread it self to all the corners of the Wind: But to no body was the news of it so acceptable as to the Princess of *Demonia*, who now believ'd she had espous'd the bravest Champion of the world. And thus ends the first part of this most remarkable Story.

FINIS.

Advertisement.

There is lately Published Quadriennium Jacobi: *Or the History of the Reign of King* James *II. From his first coming to the Crown to his Desertion; Sold by* James Knapton *at the* Crown *in St.* Pauls Church-yard.

THE
Pagan Prince:
Or a Comical History
OF THE
Heroick Atchievements
OF THE
Palatine of *Eboracum*.

By the Author of the Secret History of King *Charles* II. and K. *James* II.

Amsterdam. 1690.

Chap. 44. *How the* Palatine *was ſurpriz'd by the* Belgians, *and how he ſacrific'd his Vice-Archithalaſſus, the Knight of the Pointed Mount to his Deſpair.*

BUT while the *Palatine* was thus buſily employ'd, and lay with all his Sea-horſes, unbridl'd, unſaddl'd, at rack and manger, ſecure and careleſs of any thing elſe, but of carrying on the Great work which he had begun, the *Belgians* having ſome inkling of his deſign, and being inform'd by their Scouts in what Poſture the Palatine lay, and how the *Tritons* were all aſhore, ſome careſſing their fair *Clytemneſtra*'s, others carouſing the Confuſion of the Chriſtians, and lambaſting the unexpected *Belgians* in their Cups, the ſedulous and wary *Belgians* reſolv'd to lay hold of the opportunity. To which purpoſe they nointed the hoofs of all their Sea-horſes, with equal parts of the Oils of *Silentium* and *Celeritas*, and ſo ſetting forth betimes in the morning, by the means of a large Curtain which the Silver-ſlipper'd *Iris* drew before them, made of the ſame ſtuff as her own Garments; only that it was not of ſo many colours, nor embroder'd with the Sun-beams, they fell undiſcover'd upon the *Albionians*, before they perceiv'd that any Enemy was near them. And it is verily thought that the *Belgians* had then deſtroy'd all the *Albionian* Sea-horſes, but for the terrible reſiſtance which ſome few of the *Albionian Tritons* made, that lay without the Entrance into the Gulph, as Out-guards to the reſt. Preſently the *Sea-horſes* fell a roaring and bellowing, and ſpouting fire at one another, as if ſo many *Bellerophon*'s had been fighting ſo many *Chimæra*'s, which were Monſters that breathed nothing but fire, and would undo a hundred rich Farmers in the twinckling of an Eye, by deſtroying all their ſtocks upon

upon the ground. Immediately the reſt of the *Tritons* took the Alarm, and ſent to the *Palatine* to know what they ſhould do; but he was ſo deeply engag'd in the Military game of *Draughts*, with the chiefeſt of his Minions, *Miſodemus*, *Patraloias*, *Philotyrannus*, *Cacaſtexipolis*, *Cacodæmon*, *Ocnos*, *Hamotes*, and ſeveral others of the ſame gang, that he made them little or no anſwer. For he was ſo wrapt up with aſſurance of the ſucceſs of his new Project to deſtroy the *Belgians*, by blowing up their Country, that he lookt upon himſelf as already Lord of the Earth; and as for his own *Albionians*, he as mortally hated them as the *Belgians*. But being preſs'd by Meſſengers upon Meſſengers that were ſent to him to haſten Relief, Bold Slaves, quo the *Palatine*, what means this ſawcy Intruſion upon my Privacies? How many *Tritons* are there that make oppoſition? Not above ſix or ſeven, quo the Meſſengers. Enow in all Conſcience, reply'd the *Palatine*, with a ſurly frown, to fight the cowardly *Belgians*. Were I there my ſelf, I'd beat the Scoundrils with half the number. But when I challeng'd them, they would not come out to me; and now they are come to me, I ſcorn to go out to them.

Spoke like your ſelf, far dreaded *Palatine*, cry'd one of his *Hibernian Argonauts*, by name *Pamponeros*; and at the ſame time lifting to his Noſe a whole *Punch-bowl* of Lotos-berry Brandy, began a health to the Perdition of the *Belgians*; which the *Palatine* pledging, fell into ſuch a ſoporiferous *Trance*, that he became altogether inſenſible of the great Truſt which the *Albionians* had repos'd in him. For ſuch is the nature of the *Lotos* fruit, that whoever drinks the Liquor where it is infus'd, preſently forgets his Native Country. Others ſay, that he was enchanted by the terrible Necromancer *Prodotes*,

who had a great *Aſcendant* over the Palatine in every thing, but where the *Aſtopian* King was concern'd, and being moreover a deſperate Enemy of the *Albionians*, he ſo contriv'd it with the great Wind-broaker *Eolus*, that there was no Wind to be had for love or money to favour the *Albionians*; ſo that ſuch *Tritons* as were willing to help their fellows, could not: And as for the *Aſtopians*, they lay by with their Sails furl'd, their *Archithalaſſus* declaring that he had ſtrict command from his Univerſal Monarch not to hazard the leaſt Rib of any of the Sea-Monſters under his Conduct, without leave of the *Demons* and Goddeſſes to whom they were particularly conſecrated; for then 'twas to be expected, the Semideities would take care of their own Goods; otherwiſe it would be unſafe for the *Aſtopian* Monarch to venture at his own peril againſt the Will of unconſulted Heaven. Beſides tho' 'twere the Cuſtom in *Aſtopia* for the Seconds as well as the Principals, to fight by Land, yet by Sea the *Aſtopians* never fought as Seconds, but only lookt on at a diſtance out of harms way: their buſineſs being only to make a ſhow, and to learn by other mens harms to be wary themſelves.

All this while, tho' the Sea-Monſters on both ſides roar'd, bellow'd and diſgorg'd Fire and Flames at one another like the furnaces of *Ætna*, the Palatine ſat no more concerned or in any martial paſſion, than if the *Tritons* had been only pelting each other with *Pruen-Stones*, till Gog and *Magog* coming to him with all his Crew at his Heels, and telling him he had ſapp'd three Leagues under the Sea, but could go no farther, in regard he had met with the Maſſy impenetrable Adamantine Rock to which the Poles of the World were faſten'd, which put the *Palatine* into ſuch a Rage, that he flung a full Punch-bowl of Brandy

Brandy-wine at *Gog* and *Magog's* Head, and curs'd *Belzebub* for putting him upon the beſt Project in the World, and leaving him in the lurch: Nor would any thing atone his fury, till word was brought him, that the Vice-*Arebithalaſſus*, otherwiſe call'd the Knight of the *pointed Mountain* was drowned, for want of timely aid, in the *Ocean*, and that the *Princely Facomo*, one of the beſt Sea-Monſters the Albionians had, after *ſhe* had laid about her like an Hoſt of *Amazons*, and with her brazen Heels and Iron jaws had kickt two *Belgian Incendiary Towers*, to the bottom of the Sea, and had rent and torn and mangl'd ſeveral others of the *Belgian Pegaſus's*, that they were no longer able to endure the rowling of the Waves, was at length for want of due Succor ſacrificed to *Neptune*, by a daring *Belgian* Incendiary; and that ſeveral others of the braveſt and ſtouteſt of the *Albionian Tritons* were devoured by the *Belgian* Sea-Monſters; as being overpowr'd by number, and chooſing rather to ſacrifice their Lives to the Honour of their Country, and to ſurvive in after ages the Monuments of their deſerted Valour, than to ſurrendur themſelves a Prey to their Inſulting Enemies.

At this the *Palatine*, while the *Necromancer Prodotes* ſtood ſnickering at his Elbow, began to rowſe himſelf; and are they gone? quoth he; is the *Knight* of the *pointed Mountain* ſuffocated in the Briny Ocean? And are ſo many of my *Tritons* devoured by the *Belgian* Sea-Monſters? Let 'em go —— what ſaid our Royal *Beaupere*, of bleſſed memory; I truſt I have within my Realm five hundred as good as they —— When the ancient Gods were anger'd by the Diſgraces and Affronts of Inferiour Mortals it was uſual to atone their Indignation by ſacrifices the moſt acceptable. And ſome would not be con-

tented without Humane Victims: Witneſs *Iphiginia*, a Damſel worth a hundred *Tritons* ſuch as I have loſt; yet *Agamemnon* would have her dragg'd to the Altar. And am not I as great as *Agamemnon*? Poor creatures! they fought blindfold, not underſtanding the myſterious depth of my deſign in this ſame *Belgian* War, to waſte the wealth and valour of the Rebellious *Albionians*. The curſe of Antichriſt light upon the lazy *Gog and Magog* for ſtopping thus at an Adamantin Rock. Had I been in his room, and furniſh'd with his brawny Arms, I would have delv'd up the foundations of the Earth, to have undermin'd all *Belgium*. And now my honour'd *Argonauts*, to ſhew what I can do; I'le make the beſt of what has happen'd in ſpite of all the world.

Chap. 45. *How the Palatine wreſted the Victory out of the* Belgians *hands, and of the Great Bon-fire he made for joy.*

THus ſpoke the Palatine, and having ſo ſaid, he ſent to enquire what was become of the *Belgians*? To which it was anſwered that they were gone away with Victory and the honour of the day. Are they gone quo the Palatine, by the Teſticles of *Pegaſus* I'le after 'em. With that he order'd the *Necromancer Produtes* to untye his bag, and let looſe all the favourable Fluſter-bluſterers & preſently muſtering all his Sea-Horſes together, except ſuch as were ſo terribly wounded and diſabled that they could not ſtir, immediately purſu'd the *Belgian's* with Wings diſplay'd, and all the *Titans* with every one a pair of Maſſy-bellows blowing Wind in the Tails of his Sea-horſes. But as their good fortune would have it, before the *Palatine* could get to the Coaſts of *Belgium*, the *Belgian's* dreading the fury of his purſuit, had lockt them-

themſelves into their *Sea-Fortreſſes*, where they were as ſafe as Gold in a Miſers Cheſt, with their Maſts ſtuck with Lawrel, and Crown'd with Garlands of all ſorts of Flowers. This the Palatine lik'd right well; however the more he was aſſur'd of the Reſolution of the *Belgians* not to ſtir, the more eager he ſeem'd to be at 'em. Sometimes he was for *Gogg* and *Magog* and his crews removing the Shelves and Flats; ſometimes he was for their carrying the Sea-horſes upon their Shoulders over the Sands; but theſe Projects not being approv'd he drew up all his Sea-Horſes in the form of a half Moon, ſet his Sea-Monſters a roaring and buried no leſs than five hundred thouſand pound Jewiſh Shekels of round Iron Balls in the Sands, as if he had intended to cram the Metal again into the Bowels of the Earth from whence it was firſt taken, Shouting and Bouncing continually for four Days and Nights together. Which done, look ye, quo he, we have beſieg'd 'em thus long in their own Burroughs, and you ſee they dare not come out: Now then, will the World believe them to be Victors that dare not fight the Vanquiſh'd? I am not bound to wait upon their tail's till doomſday. With that he gave Order that the whole Fleet of Sea Monſters ſhould open three times, ſet all his Sea-Muſick a playing, Trumpets, Clarions, Flutes, Hautbois, Drums and Kettle-Drums, and ſo as if he had been gainer of the great Battel of *Lepanto*, returned in triumph to the place from whence he came.

He was no ſooner come back, but he diſpatch'd away Fame before with a whole ſack full of relations, as much as ſhe could well carry, to *Alba Regalis*: Where ſhe had no ſooner emptied her fardel, but all the City of *Troy-Novant* was full of the joyful tydings of the greateſt Victory that ever was obtain'd over the *Belgians*. For confirmation of which ſeveral eminent

minent *Tritons*, by the Palatines Order, followed her close at the Heels, with the particulars of so many *Belgian* Centaurs slain, so many desperately, so many mortally, so many slightly wounded. So many Sea-Monsters destroy'd, so many taken, so many disabled; So many thousand *Phocas*'s Prisoners, so many slain. To which they added such remarkable circumstances as would have made a *Turk* believe 'em: As how that the Number of the slain *Belgians* had invited all the smell-feast Whales out of the North Seas, to the great disappointment of the Merchants in Whale-bones and Train Oyl; that there had been more Gold rings taken by the Mackarel men upon gutting their Fish, than *Hannibal* sent to *Carthage* after the Slaughter of the ancient Romans at *Cannæ*. In all the Coffee-houses, there were some that made it their business to sit at the upper end of the Tables, and Swear to the truth of all this, and nam'd the very place where the engagement was, to the Leewards of the Islands of *Medamothi* and *Rovack*, says one. No, says another, 'twas within three Leagues of the Islands of *Tobu Vavobu*, which while one denied and the other affirm'd, there was such thumping upon the Tables with clinch'd fists, that there were almost as many *Nicotia-Fistula's* broken in the Land contest, as there were *Belgians* kill'd in the Sea engagement. But nothing gave so much reputation to this Chimerical Victory as the double diligence of monsieur *Gazet*, a most obsequious observer of the Palatines Command, and one that always at that time spoke the Language of the Court; who left no stone unturn'd to conveigh the blessed news to all the parts and corners of *Albion*: Horse Posts, and Foot Posts, Expresses and Courriers, your clouted Shoon Mercuries, and Winged Charioters; Nay there was not a wind in the com-

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paſs but what had a Pacquet of Advice ty'd to his tail to convey the more ſpeedily theſe joyful tydings to every cranny of the Nation; Which by way of retaliation returned as well loaden with addreſſes to the Palatine, full of adulation and rapture, Exultations and rejoycings for his Succeſs, for the preſervation of his Perſon, as if he had been the only *Palladium* upon which the welfare of the Kingdom depended.

But when it was rumor'd that the *Palatine* was returning to *Alba-Regalis*, multitudes pour'd forth to meet him; ſome in Gondola's, ſome in Brigandines, ſome in Gallyfoiſts, & *Triremes*, after the Old Roman manner, believing that he would have made his Entry into the River *Thameſis* in a Sea-Chariot, drawn by Dolphins, and attended by *Neptune*, with all the Nereides dancing about him, but being deceived in their Expectations; ſome ſwore they never miſtruſted the Truth of the Heathen Poetry till then: for that had there been any ſuch things as *Marine* Dieties, *Sea-Nymphs*, and *Mermaids*, they could not have fail'd of their duties upon ſuch an occaſion as that. But others anſwered, that the Palatine had ſo frighted them with the noiſe of his victorious Thunder, that they lay quaking and trembling all at the bottom of the Sea, and durſt not make their appearance before the *Terrour* of the *Ocean*: and that the Palatine was ſuch, there could be no greater proof than that *Neptune* himſelf had Abdicated his Dominions for fear of him. However, other Honours were done him by his Vaſſals the Antichriſtians. For preſently came the *Loyoliſts*, *Mateologians*, *Mænades*, and *Tirelupins*, and conſecrated all the River of *Thameſis* from the *Eſperanza* to *Alba-Regalis*, and turn'd it into *Gringorian* water, which they perfum'd all the way, with all the rich-ſcented Gumms of *Arabia Fœlix*, and ſtrew'd it with Ivy, Lawrel, Myrtles,

Myrtles, Poppies, Daffadowndillies, Roſes, and all thoſe other Plants and Flowers which were formerly ſacred to Heathen Gods. And thus the Palatine was row'd up a ſort of Liquid Elyſian Fields, till he came to *Alba-Regalis*, where he was embrac'd, hugg'd and kiſs'd by the Sultan of *Albion*, as if he had won him all the Monarchy of *Darius*. But when the Hair-brain'd People came to expreſs their joy in Bonfires, there was not Wood enough to be found in all *Troynovant*. Of which the Palatine being inform'd, he fell into a wonderful Paſſion, which *Panurgus*, one of the *Palatines* Chief Counſellors obſerving, Moſt Noble *Palatine*, quo He, I have obſerv'd on the other ſide of the *Thameſis*, contiguous to the Bridge that joyns the two Continents of the *Trinobantines* and the *Canutians*, a huge *Chaos* of wild, rotten, woodden Buildings, fit for nothing but to feed the hungry flames: Give me a wink and I'll undertake to make you one of the greateſt Bonfires that ever dazl'd the Skie, excepting that of *Troynovant* it ſelf, or that which *Phaeton* made for joy of having couzen'd his Father of the Soveraignty of the Univerſe. *Panurgus*, quo the Palatine, I am ſecure in thy Affection, take thy courſe. Upon which *Panurgus* calling out his Incendiaries, ſet all *Auſtraergon* in ſuch a flame, that the Conflagration laſted for ſeveral days and nights together; not only viſible to *Alba Regalis*, but proclaiming the ſucceſsful Grandeur of the Palatine to all the ſurrounding Provinces of *Albion*. Great and glorious Atchievement, quo *Panurgus*, merit the moſt glorious demonſtrations of our joy; and now I think I have out-done the Low Enterprize of the Hebrew Heroe, in ſetting fire to a little dry Straw in a hot Country.

Chap.

Chap. 46. *Of the Noiſe which the Palatines great Atchievements made in the far diſtant Regions of the world, and the various Effects of it.*

BY the Light and Blaze of this great Bonfire, Fame flew through all the world from Region to Region as ſwift as Wildfire, which is fifteen hundred Leagues in half an hour. She made a ſhort ſtop in *Ethiopia*, at *Preſter John*'s Country, where ſhe told a long ſtory to Queen *Candaces*, and thence fetching a Tour about the Southern Hemiſphere, came to the Great Moguls Court, and then paſs'd on to the Emperour of *China*, ſo to the Tartars, and the lately diſcover'd Common-wealth of *Heliopolis*, in her return homeward taking *Perſia*, *Mingrelia* and *Ruſſia* in her way. It is not to be credited how thoſe far diſtant Monarchs were aſtoniſh'd, and what a Pannick dread ſeiz'd upon their ſpirits to hear of the wonderful Atchievements perform'd by the Palatine, while every one thought him in the bowels of his Dominions already. The great *Mogull*, admoniſh'd and terrifi'd by the Fate of his Predeceſſor *Porus*, dreaded the coming of another *Alexander*, and looking upon his vaſt Empire as already loſt, tho' of a black, ſun-burnt complexion, turn'd as white and as pale as a piece of new fine Holland. The Emperour of *China* had newly drank his mornings-draught, and breakfaſted juſt as the news came, at what time the apprehenſion of the danger he was in, caſt him into ſuch a cold ſweat, that he brought up all again. And as for the great *Can* of *Tartary*, he was in ſuch a lamentable pickle, that you might have ſmelt him above ten German Leagues.

But as for the Female Sex, the Phyſick of the Palatine's glorious Actions wrought quite after another

ther manner: For as there is nothing works so much upon the Minds and Fancies of the High-born Women as Valour, and the Honour of having some renowned Champion fetter'd in the Chains of their Golden Curls, *Candace* found her self so smitten with the charms of the *Palatines* Renown, that burning Love had almost consum'd her bowels, so that she lost the use of her Teeth for six months together. At length she prevail'd with her next neighbour the Great Emperour of *Morocco*, to send a splendid Embassie to the Palatine, with offer of all her large Dominions, if he would but vouchsafe to accept of her and them together, promising withal to admit the Loyolists into her Country, tho' mortally hated by her Subjects, if he would but condescend to her Proposals. The *Palatine* receiv'd the Embassadors with all the demonstrations of Civility imaginable, and with all the expressions of a Courtier acknowledged the Honour which the Queen of *Ethiopia* had done him; but told them withal, that his business lay at this end of the world, to root out a Northern Heresie, which he fear'd would cost him the whole time of his life to accomplish. With which Answer the Embassadors returning, the disconsolate *Candace* threw her self into a huge Funeral Pile, and ended her days like *Queen Dido*.

The next that was ready to hang her self in her own Garters, was the Sister of the Mighty *Aurang Zeeb*; and she lay night and day at her Brother, that she might be chain'd to a Rock like *Andromeda*, and expos'd to the fury of some Sea-Monster: For surely then, thought she, this valorous Champion will flie to my Rescue, and then I shall have an opportunity to tell him my mind. With that she sent him a Diamond as big as an Elephants Head, and a Letter in the Indian Character. But by what mis-

chance

chance is not known, the Diamond miſcarried, and as for the Letter, 'twas Heathen Greek to the Palatine, for he could not read a word in it; ſo that if the Princeſs's Brother were ſo fond as to humour her, 'tis impoſſible but that ſhe muſt have paid for her longing, long before this.

The Princeſs of *China* was more politick; for ſhe deſpairing that the Palatine, being ſo great a Prince as he was, would travel to *China* for a Wife, thought it her duty rather to attend upon him her ſelf: So ſhe got leave of the *Sun* to ride in his Coach-box, and came to *Albion incognito*: But when *Phaeton* had ſet her down in the Weſt of *Albion*, near the *Mount* of the *Arch-Angel*, ſhe heard the doleful news that the Palatine was marry'd above two months before; and how ſhe got back again, there's no body ever could tell.

Chap. 47. *How the Palatine marry'd the moſt Beautiful* Meſſalina *Princeſs of* Demonia *upon the River* Eridanus, *with whom he had a Golden Mountain, and* Phaetons *Reliques for her Portion.*

IN the midſt of all theſe deſign'd Addreſſes of the greateſt Princeſſes in the world, the *Palatine* having refus'd the Courtſhip and Careſſes of the One, and the reſt not rightly underſtanding which way to make their Addreſſes, the Princeſs of *Demonia* got ſtart of them all: for having the Advantage of ſending the *Palatine* her Picture, ſhe ſo inflam'd him with the ſight of her Divine Beauty, that had any of the Pagan Goddeſſes, *Mary* of *Egypt*, the bleſſed *Cecilia*, or the Queen of Heavens Maid of Honour Madam *Agatha*, made love to him in a dream from Heaven, he would not have exchang'd the Carnal Embraces of the Princeſs *Meſſalina* for their Celeſtial

ſtial Careſſes. Beſides that, ſhe was nearly alli'd to the Holy Pontiff of Spiritual *Babylon*, to whom the *Palatine* was endeared by many ties of Religion, and other Sacred Obligations of Duty and Affection. She was as black as a Raven's wing, yet fair as the Wife of *Menelaus*: Her Breaſts were like the Pillars of *Jupiter*: Her Cherry Lips dropt nothing but Manna of *Campania*, and her Breath more odoriferous than Balm of *Gilead*: Her Noſe was like the *Pharos* of *Egypt*: Her Belly like *Adonis*'s Bed of Roſes, and her Thighs like the Pillars of the Gates, of which St. *Peter* keeps the Keys. As ſhe paſt through *Aſtopia*, the great Monarch of that Empire, in deference to the Palatine met her; and beholding her Angelick Perfections, wiſht himſelf the High Prieſt of *Calecutt*, who by the Religion of that Country, has the priviledge to be the King's Taſter.

At the ſame time, as a Teſtimonial of the ſtrict and indelible Amity that was between the *Palatine* himſelf, and to demonſtrate what a high value and veneration he had for her incomparable Vertue and Beauty, ſurpaſſing (in his Fancy) the *Shulamite* ſo loudly ex-tolled by the King of the *Hebrews* he preſented her with a Mountain all of maſſy Gold, which had been preſented to his great Grandfather *Grangouſier*, by the *Iberian* King, a German Mile in circumference, and an *Albion* League high, carry'd by ten thouſand *Chrim Tartars*, fifteen foot tall, not miſſing a quarter of an Inch one of another. Which Mountain ſerv'd her inſtead of a Canopy, to keep not only her, but her Chariot from the Rain as ſhe travelled upon the Road. Which Mountain the *Tartars* carry'd upon Pillars of Wood, like a Lord Mayor's Pageant, to the Sea: But there being no Ships big enough to tranſport it, they made a Portentous *Arbaliſta* in imitation of the old Roman

man Engine, with which they were wont to fling prodigious Stones into beſieged Cities, and of which the great *Ptolomy Poliorketes* was the Inventor; by the help of which Engine the *Tartars* firſt flung the Mountain croſs the Ocean from *Aſtopia* into *Albion*, and then flung themſelves after it. And ſo taking it up again in *Albion*, carry'd it to *Troynovant*, where the *Palatine* melted it down and coyn'd it into mony to defray the Expences of the Famous *Opera* of *Catiline's Conſpiracy*.

And as ſhe had all theſe Perfections to recommend her outward form, the Endowments of her Mind were much more amiable; for ſweetneſs of diſpoſition ſurpaſſing *Inno*; for Chaſtity, far excelling the Mother of the Gods, only that ſhe had one fault, that now and then ſhe would take up a Stone with her Ear. For haughty Pride of Mind, ſhe went far beyond *Niobe*: And ſhe had one peculiar faculty, that ſhe could as well have hatch'd Children, as the *Egyptians* do Chickens in an Oven, as bear 'em in her Womb.

No wonder then, that the *Palatine*, raviſh'd with all theſe advantages both of her Body and Soul, fought her by his Embaſſadors and Proxies with all the diligence and ſedulity imaginable, and ventur'd all his future happineſs both in this and the world to come, to obtain ſo ineſtimable a Jewel. He ſpar'd for no coſt, but preſented her with all the Rarities that the Earth could afford, or his Treaſury purchaſe. Among the reſt, he ſent her an old Smock, old in years, but which the Queen of Heaven, Madam *Di Loretto*, had never worn but once in her life; the *Sudarium*, with the Picture of her Son, taken from the Life in ſweat, and the Box of Ointment which *Venus* gave *Phaon* the Ferry-man, who tranſported her from *Sicily* into *Italy*; for the preſervation

vation of her Beauty; which ſo won her heart, that ſhe could not deny him.

When ſhe arriv'd in *Albion*, he met her with a glorious train of all the *Marine Deities*, both Male and Female, and as a new mark of the great veneration he had for her, recommended to her *Peleus* for her Gentleman Uſher, and *Thetis* to be the Mother of her Maids.

At the Ceremony of the Marriage, the *Pontiff* of *Babylon* gave her by his Proxy *Panurgus*, the great Emperor of *Dinblonia* hold up her Train, and *Alecto* and *Tiſiphone* were her two Bride-Maids.

Her Gown was made all of ſmall Rings of Gold, the void ſpaces of which were fill'd up with Diamonds and Rubies; the workmanſhip of an *Hebrew* lineally deſcended from the famous Artiſt that made the Covering of the Jewiſh Ark.

The Sheets that ſhe lay in the firſt night, were of the pureſt Calicutt that *Oriental India* afforded, printed on both ſides with Epithalamiums, Motto's and Ciphers, ſent her from the two Luminaries of *Albion*, *Oxenfordia*, and *Cantabrigia*, and procur'd by the care and induſtry of the Seer *Obadiah Walkero*. And the Curtains of her Bed were embroider'd with the *Lutetian Maſſacre*, and the Amours of *Alexander* the VIIth. and *Donna Olympia*, by the Great great Grand-daughter of the Great great Grand-daughters Daughters Daughter of *Dorcas* that made Childrens Coats in the Infancy of the Primitive Church. The Palatine admir'd, worſhip'd, ador'd her, and three times a week laid his neck at her feet for her to trample upon, with this Motto, *Super Aſpidem*, &c. Such was the high eſteem and reverence which he had for her: for knowing his defect one way, he ſuppli'd it in a reſpect and obedience. But in regard we ſhall have farther occaſion to mention this great

Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs of the great Maſter of this Northern part of the world, we ſhall ſay no more of her at preſent.

Chap. 48. *How the Palatine, the more to ingratiate himſelf with his new marry'd Princeſs, rais'd the numerous Band of the* Oriflambs *of* Troynovant, *and how he encountred and overthrew the whole Army of the* Chinabeefians, Coſtardi, *and* Venſonpaſtiggians, *three great Nations in perpetual Enmity with the Albionians, upon the Plains of* Drappers-hallia.

THE *Palatine* was ſo overjoy'd with his Mountain of Gold, and ſo raviſh'd with the extraordinary Accompliſhments of the Princeſs of *Demonia*, that he made it his ſtudy to rivet himſelf into her favour and affection, and ſought all opportunities to continue the high opinion ſhe had of his Valour and Conduct, and of his being one of the greateſt Champions in the World. Nor was it long before Fortune, whoſe Darling and Minion he was, preſented him with one for a New-years Gift. For the *Chinabeefians*, the *Coſtardi*, and the *Venſonpaſtiggians*, a wild and ſavage ſort of People, with whom the *Albionians* had been at continual Wars for ſome hundreds of years, but could never ſo ſubdue them, but that they recruited again in ſpite of their teeths, being ſtill aſſiſted by the *Crembollians* and *Heneggbians*, believing that now was their time to recover their Liberty, if they could but ſtrike a Terrour into the *Albionians* by overcoming the Palatine upon whom the *Albionians* depended, as the Antient Philiſtines did upon their Champions of *Gath*, ſent to the Palatine, more fool-hardy than prudent, as they were, to meet 'em fairly in the Plains of *Drapers-hallia*, there to determine the feud which had been ſo long between them and the *Albionians*. Now the Palatine

Palatine deeming it but rational to consider the Policies of these three Nations before he took the field, found that the *Chinabeefians* were a barbarous sort of People, that when they were worsted, presently retreated behind the most formidable *Palisado*'s imaginable, which they made of the bones of the Sacrifices which they offer'd to their great Idol *Gaster*; from whence it was impossible to force them without a long Siege, and great loss of Men. That the *Venesonpastigians*, upon a Rout, hid themselves under spacious Caves, contriv'd with great Art, and cover'd over with a Cement made of the dust of the fruit of the Herb *Triticum*, mixt with Eggs and a certain Unguent which the Antients call'd *Butyrum*, which render'd those Fortifications as strong as the Walls of *Coventria*, which no Mattocks nor Pickaxes could enter, till they were undermin'd and blown up with *Stygian* Gunpowder. And then for the *Custardi*, they were like the wild *Hibernians*; if they were vanquisht, they retir'd into their Boggs, so that there was no way to destroy 'em, but by devouring them and their Walls, and swallowing *Boggs* and all.

The Palatine having well consider'd all these things, caus'd great Levies of Pioneers to be made amongst the *Bonstomachians* and the *Gasterians*, and order'd them to be extraordinarily furnish'd with all the Utensils and Instruments for Mining and Sapping, as Spades, Shovels, Pickaxes, Mattocks, and long Spoons, such as *Magog* was wont to use when he eat with the Devil.

More especially he order'd them to furnish themselves with short broad Knives, with Buckshorn Handles, for the more faster holding, to cut their way through all opposition.

Which done he rais'd the whole Force of the *Tyrian-*

Tyrian-Fetherians, all approved Champions, and well exercis'd in Arms; and now both Armies being met in the ſpacious Plains of *Drapperſhallia*, the *Chinabeefians*, *Venſonpaſtiggians* and *Coſtardi* drew up in three Bodies. The *Chinabeefians* had the Vanguard, the *Venſonpaſtiggians* the Main Battel, and the *Coſtardi* the Rearguard. The *Tyrian-Fetherians* on the other ſide being rang'd by the *Palatine*, with all the skill and foreſight of a prudent Captain. The Palatine made them a ſhort Harangue, wherein he gave them to underſtand, 'That they were not now to 'fight for their Religion, their Eſtates, and their 'Wives and Children, but for what was dearer than 'all theſe, their own moſt precious Lives. For what 'ſignified Religion, Eſtates, Wives & Children, if they 'had not life to enjoy them? And therefore he be-'ſought them for his own and their Honour, to be-'have themſelves with a Courage equal to that of the '*Maccabees*, and by the ſucceſs of that day, to ſup-'port the high opinion which all the world had of 'their Valour.

The Palatine having thus ſaid, in ſhort, the Battel began with an unparallel'd heat and fury, by reaſon of the ſtout Reſiſtance which the *Chinabeefians* for a long time made; inſomuch that Victory hover'd over the Palatine with a pale and dubious Aſpect, till at length, by the undaunted Bravery of the *Tyrian-Fetherians* the *Chinabeefians* were forc'd within their Paliſadoe's: at what time the Reſerve of *Footbuoyonians* coming in made ſuch an univerſal havock of all the Enemies Vanguard, that there was not ſo much as one *Chinabeefian* left to carry the tydings of this diſmal loſs to their Wives and Children.

The *Venſonpaſtiggians* held out for ſome longer time, but the *Tyrian-Fetherians*, otherwiſe call'd the *Ori-*

Orissambs of *Troynovant*, being refresh'd with whole Bowls of *Bacchus's Liquor*, dug up and enter'd their Caves, with that resolution, notwithstanding the stifling smoak proceeding from the Trains of Oriental *India* Powder, which the *Vensompastiggians* had laid to secure themselves, and the *Longingweemonians*, a sort of *Amazons* in *Troynovant*, at deadly feud with the *Vansompastiggians*, coming in to their Assistance, and carrying away great pieces of the sides, and whole corners of the walls of their Fortifications, the *Vensompastiggians* were left naked to the fury of their Enemies, and all destroy'd every Mothers Son.

Which the *Costardi* seeing, would fain have made their escapes, but being surrounded on every side, they were forc'd to run the same Fate with their Confederates. So that the Victory to his immortal Renown remain'd entire to the Palatine.

The Fame of this Victory soon spread it self to all the corners of the Wind: But to no body was the news of it so acceptable as to the Princess of *Demonia*, who now believ'd she had espous'd the bravest Champion of the world. And thus ends the first part of this most remarkable Story.

FINIS.

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